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THE GRAVE OF THE BROKEN HEART.*

CHAPTER IV.

It would extend this little history far beyond its prescribed limits, to continue a minute detail of those progressive circumstances which more immediately influenced the happiness and interests of Horace and Millicent, during the remainder of Dr. Hartop and Lady Octavia's sojourn at Sea Vale. The leading incidents must suffice to keep unbroken the thread of the narration. Miss Aboyne failed not (however disinclined) to return Lady Octavia Falkland's visit, within a few days after that honor had been conferred on her; neither did Lady Octavia fail, during their *tête à tête* in her luxurious boudoir, to call Millicent's attention to sundry objects, affording indubitable proof—in the shape of copied music, verses, sketches for albums, &c. &c.—that the whole of those long mornings, during which she saw little, and occasionally nothing, of Horace, were not devoted to the serious duties which she had been fain to persuade herself occupied at least the greater part of them. Had any lingering doubt still clung about her heart, Lady Octavia's considerate assurance (as the visiter rose to retire) was intended to remove it effectually. "I assure you I am quite shocked, Miss Aboyne," she said, with the sweetest deprecating manner in the world, "at monopolizing so much of Mr. Vernon's time;

but he is so kind and obliging!—and then, you know, those men are such lounging creatures of habit; when he is once comfortably established on *that ottoman*," pointing to one at the foot of her harp, "there's no driving him away, though I often tell him"—With what arguments her ladyship so conscientiously essayed to "*drive*" Vernon to his duty, Miss Aboyne gave her no time to explain; for even Millicent's gentle spirit was moved by the obvious malice and intentional impertinence of the insinuation; and rather haughtily interrupting Lady Octavia with an assurance, that she arrogated to herself no right whatever over Mr. Vernon's disposal of his time, which must be well employed in her ladyship's service, she made her farewell curtsy, and returned to her own solitary home. Lady Octavia's eye followed her to the door, with an expression that said, "So—let the stricken deer go weep;" and that shrewd meaning implied something very near the truth. The arrow had struck home.

From that morning Miss Aboyne considered herself absolved from the duty of returning any other of Lady Octavia's visits—who, on her part, becoming sensible that they did not coöperate, as she had expected, with her amiable purpose, soon discontinued them altogether. But the worthy

* See page 202.

Doctor, desirous of testifying, in the most flattering manner, his gracious approbation of Vernon's choice, made a magnanimous effort to honor the object of it, by paying his personal respects to her at her own dwelling; it is more than probable, with the benevolent intention of bestowing on her a few of those valuable hints on domestic economy, and the rearing up of a large family, with which, at all convenient seasons, he was wont to favor his fortunate and grateful curate. But adverse circumstances diverted from Millicent the good fortune intended for her; the anticipation of which (for Horace had prepared her for the visit) had in truth grievously disquieted her. Carefully enveloped in a warm roquelaure, (for though the noonday sun was scorching, the morning had been showery,) escorted by Mr. Vernon on one side, and his own valet, with a *parapluie*, on the other, the Doctor (having previously fortified himself with a basin of vermicelli soup) was wheeled in his Bath chair through the village of Sea Vale to Miss Aboyne's cottage—or, more properly speaking, to the garden gate leading to the little dwelling, and there his further progress was arrested by an unforeseen and insurmountable obstacle. The humble gateway was not wide enough, by at least a foot, to admit the Doctor's equipage; (it would scarcely have afforded ingress to his own portly person;) and the little gravel walk, still flooded by recent showers, was impassable to the rheumatic gouty feet that trode "delicately" even on Brussels carpets. Moreover, on casting his eyes despairingly towards the cottage door, at which stood Miss Aboyne, (who, on perceiving the dilemma of her honorable and reverend visitor, had come forward thus courteously,) he conceived a well-founded suspicion, that even arrived at that inner portal, he should fail in effecting an entrance; wherefore, like a true philosopher, accommodating himself to circumstances, he gave two or three prelude *hems*, with a view of complimenting the future bride (even from

that inconvenient distance) with the speech he had conned in readiness. Already, to Vernon's horror and Millicent's dismay, he had begun, "My dear Madam! it is with infinite satisfaction that I do myself the honor"—when a heavy cloud, which, unobserved by the pre-occupied divine, had been gathering over head, began to discharge its liquid stores so suddenly, that the faithful valet, who waited not his master's commands to face about, gave the necessary word to the officiating footman, and the Bath chair, with its reverend contents, under shelter of the *parapluie*, was safely wheeled into the Rectory hall, before Millicent had well recovered her alarm in the uninvaded sanctuary of her little parlor.

Two months and more than half a third had passed away, since that May morning (almost the latest of the month), a few days prior to the strangers' arrival at the Rectory, when Vernon had won from Millicent her reluctant promise to be indissolubly united to him that day three months. What changes had taken place since then—not in the fortunes and apparent prospects of the affianced pair, but in their feelings, habits, and relative circumstances! Vernon had gradually absented himself more and more from the cottage; for some time excusing himself to Millicent, and to his own heart, on various pretences, which, however, he felt would not bear the test of investigation. By little and little he discontinued even those poor unsatisfactory apologies, and Millicent was best content that it should be so; for even her blindness (the wilful blindness of affection) was dispelled at last, and she felt within herself, and knew to a certainty in her own heart, that she should never be the wife of Horace Vernon. Yet did she not, for one single moment, suspect the sincerity of his intentions; nor doubt, that when the illusion was dispersed (she knew it to be an illusion) which now warped him from his *better self*, he would return to *himself* and to her, with bitter self-upbraiding, and passion-

ate avowals of his own culpable weakness, and honorable anxiety to fulfil his engagements with her. Nay, she doubted not that she was still dear to him—she *scarcely* doubted that the best affections of his heart were still hers, however appearances might have led to a different conclusion—but she *more than* doubted, whether Horace Vernon and Millicent Aboyne could ever be again as they had been to each other; therefore she felt in her heart that it was better they should not be united. Yet, for all this, there was no change in her manner to Vernon—scarcely any perceptible change—only, perhaps, in lieu of the sweet familiar cheerfulness with which she had been wont to carry herself towards him, there was a shade of deeper seriousness, of more affecting tenderness, in her deportment, such as might have betokened, to a curious eye and a keen observer, something of those feelings with which the heart of one bound in secret on some far journey, may be supposed, on the eve of departure, to yearn towards a beloved friend, still unsuspecting of the approaching separation. Millicent's generous confidence in Vernon's honor (in his *honorable intentions* at least) was not misplaced. Never, for a moment, had he harbored a thought of violating his engagements with her; and his heart, as she had been fain to believe, still turned to her as towards its real home, at every lucid interval (the term is not inappropriate) of his spell-bound infatuation; and on more than one late occasion, when some accidental circumstance, or thought suggested by his good angel, had aroused his slumbering conscience and better feelings, he had almost deceived the poor Millicent into reviving hope and trust by an overflowing tenderness of manner, more apparently impassioned than in the early days of their youthful attachment. In some such mood of mind he took his way towards the cottage about the period last mentioned, about a fortnight before the first of September, the day he and Millicent had long anticipated as that

which was to unite them indissolubly. For some time past, however, it had been mutually understood, rather than arranged, between them, that their marriage should not take place till after the departure of the strangers, whose stay at the Rectory was not likely to be prolonged beyond the first week in September. That period now drew near—and Vernon remembered that it did, with a strange mixture of discordant feelings. He felt like one who has been long living, as in a dream, under the influence of some strange illusion, which was about to break away and leave him to the sober realities of his appointed lot. That morning, one of those trivial occurrences which often lead to important results in human affairs, tended very materially to hasten the dispersion of his airy visions. He had been present—for the time forgotten—when the letter-bag was brought in to Doctor Hartop, who delivered out from its contents, one from Falkland Park to Lady Octavia. It was from one of her sisters, and the matter so interesting, so redolent of present pleasures, and fêtes in preparation, of noble and fashionable guests arrived and expected, (fashionable men more especially, some of whom were alluded to in slang terms of familiarity, sanctioned by the modern *manière d'être* of high-bred, rather than well-bred, young ladies,) that the fair reader for once gave way to the fulness of her heart, (seldom was her ladyship guilty of such vulgar unreserve,) and poured out its feelings into the somewhat unsympathising ear of her reverend uncle, reading to him, as she proceeded with her letter, detached portions of Lady Jane's tantalizing communications, which so stimulated her impatient longings, that she ended with, "And now you are so well, dear uncle, why need we stay a minute longer at this horrid place? I could not survive another month of it."

What might have been the Doctor's reply to this very energetic appeal was known only to the fair appellant; for

Vernon, taking advantage of the open door, and being entirely overlooked, had slipped quietly away; and with Lady Octavia's words still tingling in his ears, was in two minutes on his way to the cottage, and to Millicent. In a strange tumult of feeling he bent his steps thither—of surprise and mortification, and bitter self-humiliation and reproach. Other thoughts by degrees stole in, like oil upon the troubled waves—thoughts still composed of mingled elements—painful and humbling, yet healing withal—of Millicent and all she had been to him—faithful, patient, uncomplaining, where there had been so great cause to excite an accusing spirit—nobly unsuspecting of wrong—incapable of envy—inaccessible to mean jealousy, though not insensible—O no, he felt she was not—of neglect, which to look back upon, wrung him to the soul; and still, still, ill as he deserved it of her, his own—his loving Millicent—his better angel—his future wife—and well should the devotion of all his life to come strive to compensate for his temporary dereliction! Then came across him a shuddering recollection of the increased languor and feebleness, which, on two or three late occasions, he had observed and spoken of to herself; but she had made light of his question, and he had not dared have recourse to Nora. Nora and he had, indeed, by tacit consent, for some time avoided speaking to each other; and if they chanced to encounter, Vernon had hurried past, without raising his eyes to a face where he would have been sure to read searching accusation.

All these thoughts were busy in his heart as he pursued his way to the cottage, and—for they had melted him to a tenderness of which he wished to subdue the outward indication—by the longest road—that which ran along the back of the village street and the cottage garden—the very lane where, close by the honeysuckle arbor, in that very garden, he had been arrested the first evening of his arrival at Sea Vale, by the sweet sounds of Mil-

licent's voice, mingled with the manly tones of her father's. And there again Vernon's heart smote him; his parting promise to his departing friend!—how had it been fulfilled? "But it is *not* too late, thank God!" he exclaimed aloud; and starting onward, he quickened his step towards the orphan's dwelling, as if to hasten the ratification of his vows, and take her to his heart then and forever. But, at the turning of the green lane, he was overtaken by his old medical friend, Mr. Henderson, who, without slackening the pace of his ambling pony, merely said in passing—"Good morrow, Mr. Vernon! you are on your way to the cottage, I see; you will find Miss Aboyne better to-day."—"Better! has Miss Aboyne been ill? Pray, sir!—Mr. Henderson?"—and Vernon, starting forward, caught the pony's bridle-rein in the eagerness of his alarm.

The good apothecary looked at him with grave surprise, as he answered, with some severity of tone, "Is it possible *you* can be ignorant of the very precarious state of Miss Aboyne's health, Mr. Vernon? But seeing her, as of course you do, daily, you may not have been struck with the great personal change which has been for some time perceptible to me." Alas! many days had passed of late, during which Vernon had found no leisure hour for Millicent, and this was now the third day since he had seen her. How the fact, as if he were then first aware of it, struck home to his conscience!—and with what miserable apprehension he questioned and cross-questioned the apothecary!—and drew from him an explicit avowal, that although he did not consider Miss Aboyne's case by any means hopeless, it was so critical, that her life hung as it were by a single thread, of which the slightest agitation, the most trifling imprudence, or any untoward circumstance, might dis sever the frail tenure. "And to be free with you, Mr. Vernon," the old man continued, laying his hand on Vernon's shoulder as he spoke

with glistening eyes, and a more unsteady voice—for he had known Millicent from her childhood, and felt for her an almost paternal interest, which had not been diminished by certain lately held conferences with the indignant Nora, whose tale, however exaggerated, tallied but too well with his own preconceived suspicions—"to be free with you, I will add, that I fear, I greatly fear Miss Aboyne's present malady proceeds as much from moral as physical causes, and that you will do well to shield her, with the most watchful tenderness, from every disquietude it may be in your power to avert. That gentle spirit of hers, and that tender frame, were not made to 'bide all blasts,' Mr. Vernon! Take care of her; she is well worth keeping;" and so saying, the old man extricated the rein from Vernon's hold, by quickly spurring on his pony, and was soon beyond the reach of further questioning, leaving the questioner still rooted to the spot, with food enough for bitter reflection to keep him there—*how* long he knew not—before he recovered himself sufficiently to enter the cottage.

The porch door stood open, as did that of the little parlor; but the room was empty. Millicent had been recently there, however, for her handkerchief lay on the table beside a portfolio and some loose sheets of music. Throwing himself into the chair she had occupied, Vernon sat for some moments, his eyes fixed with unconscious gaze on the objects before him, till, half rousing himself from that abstraction, he began listlessly to turn them over, and at last his attention was arrested by a half-torn sheet that lay apart, with Millicent's handkerchief. The paper was wet. More than one drop—from what source he too well divined—had recently fallen on the words of a song which he well remembered having formerly given to Millicent, with a laughing injunction to make herself perfect in the old ditty against her day should come. The words ran thus—a quaint "auld-world" conceit.

"Unhappy lady! lay aside
Thy myrtle crown, thy robes of pride;
A Cypress stole befits thee now,
A willow garland for thy brow.

For thou art changed, and changed is he,
Who pledged thee love's first fealty:
A lover's pledge! a lover's vow!
And where is he? and what art thou?

At younger beauty's feet, with sighs
And silken oaths, thy false love lies:
A thing forsaken!—that thou art,
With faded form, and broken heart.

And now, poor heart! be wise, and crave
Of earth no guerdon but a grave—
And hark! 'ding! dong!' that timely bell,
(*Their wedding peal,*) shall ring thy knell,

And lay thee by the church-path side,
When forth he leads his bonny bride:
And then, perhaps, he'll cry—'Adieu,
My fond first love!—so passing true!'

Other drops had mingled with those yet glistening on the lines of that old song before Vernon, still holding the paper, let fall his arm upon the table, and bowing down his head, concealed his face within them. He had continued thus for some time, and so deep was his abstraction, that he was perfectly unconscious of an approaching foot-step, or that he was no longer alone, till a soft hand touched his, and looking up, he met the dewy eyes of his wronged Millicent fixed upon him with an expression of angelic pity. That look set wide at once the floodgates of his before almost uncontrollable emotion, and starting up, he caught her to his bosom with a passionate suddenness, that, accompanied by half-intelligible words of love and self-reproach, almost overpowered her gentle and timid spirit. But soon recovering from the momentary agitation, she mildly soothed him to composure; and said, half smiling, as she softly drew the old song from his unconscious hand—"Dear Horace, I never doubted your heart—I never feared desertion."—"Bless you for that! Millicent, my beloved! my only love!—but can you—can you forgive?"—"That you have sometimes forgotten me of late, Horace?"—"No, not forgotten—not forgotten, as Heaven shall judge me, Millicent!—but—I have been bewildered—infatuated—mad—I know not what; and yet

my heart was here ; nay, nay, look not incredulous, Milly !—here—here only, as I hope for—and did you not say you never doubted *that* ?—Repeat it, my beloved !—tell me again you never doubted me, my generous, noble-minded love !” —“ I never doubted your affection for me, Horace !” repeated Millicent, with tender seriousness ;—“ but now, dear friend ! sit down beside me, and let us both be calm, and talk together quietly and unreservedly, as it befits friends to” —“ Friends ! no more than friends, Milly !—is it come to this !” vehemently exclaimed Horace, with a reproachful look. “ And what name more sacred, more endearing ?” she rejoined, in tones less faltering than before. “ Friends here, and hereafter, and forever in that better place, where, sooner or later, whatever is reserved for us here, I trust we shall meet again, and be as the angels in heaven.” —“ And here—here, Millicent ! are we to be *no more* than friends !—Have you forgotten, that within two little weeks you would have been my wife, if those fatal strangers !—but they will be gone before three weeks are over, and then” —“ And then, dear Horace ! it will be time enough to talk of—of” —our marriage day, she would have added, but her voice suddenly failed, and with a quivering lip she turned her face away from him, till the momentary weakness was overcome. It was soon mastered ; and then, once more raising to his her not unmoistened eyes, she continued, “ I have been wishing, earnestly wishing, for such an opportunity—such an opening as this, dear Horace !—to pour out my whole heart to you—to reconcile you to your own, in case of an event, for which, I fear—I think you may be entirely unprepared, and which I know you would feel too painfully, if now, while we have time, we did not exchange mutual confidence and forgiveness for any wrongs fancied or” —But she was passionately interrupted—“ Now ! while we have time ! an event for which I am unprepared !

—Millicent ! Millicent ! what mean you ?—But I deserve this torture” —and grasping both her hands in his with convulsive violence, he gazed in her face with such a look of fearful inquiry, as wellnigh unnerved the poor Millicent, and rendered her incapable of reply. But making a strong effort for composure, she spoke again—at first only a few soothing and affectionate words to still the agitation that excited her tenderest compassion, and then, impressed with the seriousness and solemnity of the task she had imposed upon herself, she went on with quiet firmness to tell him of what had been so long upon her heart, though, till that moment, she had not found courage to impart it to him—*time or opportunity*, she might have said—but that would have sounded accusingly, and Millicent lived only to bless and to console.—“ My dear Horace !” she continued, “ hear me patiently—hear me calmly—for my sake do so. For some time past, I have felt a conviction that I should not live to be your wife—nay, nay—start not so fearfully at these words—look not so shocked, so self-accusing, Horace !—But for you—but for your care and kindness, I should long ago have followed my dear father. But you kept me here ; and I thought then it was God’s will that I should live and become the companion of your life. That thought was very sweet to me, dear Horace ! too sweet perhaps, for it made life too dear to me. But since—of late, as I have told you, I have had reason to believe that such was not God’s pleasure—nay, let me—let me speak on now, Horace !—now that I am strengthened for the trial—and do not—do not think, dearest !—for I interpret that look—that he has stricken me by the hand I loved ; I was not made for duration, Horace !—you know my mother died early of consumption—I was not well before my father’s death ; and that great shock !—so sudden !—and” —“ And I have done the rest !—I wretch that I am !—Tell me so, Milly !—tell me so at once, rather than

stab me with such mockery of comfort;" and no longer able to restrain himself, even for her sake, he started from her side, and paced the room in agitation, that she wisely suffered to subside before she attempted to resume her affecting subject. "But it is not too late; Millicent! angel! thou wilt yet be spared that I may repay with life-long tenderness thy matchless excellence;" and then, melted to softer feelings, he flung himself beside her, and clasping her to his bosom, gave way to a passion of womanish tears. When both had in some measure recovered composure, Vernon was the first to speak again, though in an agitated whisper:—"Tell me, my beloved! oh tell me, you will try to live for my sake! I know—I see how blind I have been—how madly blind to your increased indisposition; fool! idiot! that I was—I heard of it for the first time this morning from Mr. Henderson—but he told me—he said—indeed, indeed, Milly! our good friend thinks that with care and watchfulness all will go well again—and such care!—such watchfulness as I shall take now!"—And now their tears mingled; for Millicent's rolled fast down her pale cheeks, and it was many minutes before she again found utterance, and that her secret prayer for strength was answered, and she was able to speak to him words of peace and comfort. "I know—I know," she faltered out at last, "that I may yet recover, if such be God's pleasure, my Horace!—for in His hands are life and death—but, my beloved! if you would endeavor to reconcile yourself to a contrary event, I should be well content to go, for methinks the bitterness of death is past—and do not call it unkind, Horace! I doubt whether I could ever again, under any circumstances, be so happy in this world as I have been. I feel as if the capabilities of earthly happiness and usefulness were dead within me; as if I had already left my youth and prime of days at an immeasurable distance—and such a companion would ill suit you, Horace!—would ill assort with

your buoyant spirit and unsubdued energies. But God's will be done! He will order all as is best for us; and if I live, and you continue to wish I should become your wife"—"If I continue to wish it!—Oh, Millicent!"—"Then, then, dear Horace! I would only say—May God bless our union!—but if it is *not* to be, I do not tell you to remember me; I know you will do that; but I would bid you, for my sake, torture not your own heart with self-upbraiding. Assign all—the ordering of all—as indeed is only fitting, to the will of Providence;—and—and—if my poor Nora should be unjust and unreasonable in her grief, bear with her, dear Horace, and be kind to her still, for my sake. This little dwelling!—I have taken some order about it, and her. The long-expected living will be yours at last;—and thus I have so arranged it—you will not disapprove it, Horace?—that this cottage may be let or sold, and so furnish a provision for my faithful Nora. Forgive me, that I pain you thus, dear friend!—and yet, a few words more. Oh, my dear Horace! be watchful of yourself. We have all much need to pray against the deceitfulness of our own hearts. The world and its ways would cheat you, Horace! for I know your heart. Oh, I have longed thus to pour out the fulness of mine—my whole spirit, if it might be—in one appeal to yours!" And, elevated by the solemnity of that appeal, and by the fervor of her enthusiasm, Millicent's voice became full and firm, though its tones were deep as if sent up from the bosom's inmost sanctuary, and her countenance was irradiated by more than earthly beauty, as, clasping her pale thin hands together, she looked up in Vernon's face, and slowly articulated, "Above all, my father's friend! mine own dear friend! so run the race that is yet before you, that, though mine is first finished, we may meet at last in the land where there shall be no more separation." The awful pathos of that affecting prayer, though it thrilled through the heart of Vernon, subdued

his impatient spirit and agitated nerves to solemn stillness. He attempted no audible answer—words would have been powerless to express his feelings; but Millicent felt and understood all the assurance she desired to receive, in the tears that moistened her clasped hands, as, taking them between his, he bent his face upon them in the long and profound silence that succeeded to his violent emotion.

Horace Vernon laid his head that night upon the pillow by many degrees “a sadder and a wiser man” than he had arisen from it in the morning. But sleep came not to his eyelids, nor rest to his spirit, till utter exhaustion procured him towards morning a short interval of troubled slumber. Lady Octavia was not long in perceiving the decline, or rather cessation, of her influence over Vernon. But attributing his defection to resentment at the unguarded sentence which had escaped her in his presence on the perusal of Lady Jane’s letter, she only read in it the indication of a more profound passion than she had yet felt certain of having inspired him with. But after a few days of condescending sweetness, fruitlessly expended in manoeuvres to lure back the startled quarry, she began to suspect that whatever was the cause of Vernon’s *brusque* retreat from her boudoir, and of his subsequent *refroidissement* , he was now detained from her by a return to his first allegiance, of which her ladyship had by no means calculated the possibility, while the light of her attractions still blazed in competition with the pale star of Millicent.

Piqued at this discovery, Lady Octavia’s heart was forthwith vehemently set on what would otherwise (in the near prospect of departure from Sea Vale) have been a matter of comparative indifference to her—the recovery of her former ascendancy; and nothing daunted by first failures, she worked at her purpose with all the energies of those great coöperating powers—woman’s will and woman’s wit, supported by woman’s persever-

ance. But even these combined forces had wellnigh experienced signal defeat, so entirely had Vernon’s revived affection and reawakened fears for Millicent, and his bitterly compunctious feelings, engrossed every faculty of his soul, since that notable morning when the trifling incident of Lady Octavia’s momentary incaution had been so influential in arousing him from his long illusion. Influential as it had been, however, in the first instance, by sending him forth in that mood of mortified and bitter feeling, which, rather than any worthier cause, had impelled his first hasty steps towards the long-deserted cottage; the better thoughts that, in his way thither, had gradually superseded his previous irritation—his short but startling conference with the good apothecary—and last, and above all, that affecting interview with Millicent, had so effaced all recollection of the paltry annoyance which had originally disturbed him, that it was first called to his recollection by the almost deprecating tenderness of Lady Octavia’s voice and looks, when she found an opportunity of addressing him unobserved; and that was not very speedily obtained, for, except at the dinner hour, and some short portion of the after-evening conceded to Dr. Hartop’s claims, Horace scarcely absented himself from the cottage for many days, after that which had so effectually aroused him from his long and culpable infatuation. Before the little casement of Millicent’s chamber was unclosed, he was looking up towards it as he paced the walk beneath with nervous impatience; and even his conscience-struck reluctance to confront Nora, was overcome by his anxiety to obtain from her the first and most exact report of her gentle mistress. A painful surprise awaited Vernon the first morning he was thus early at the cottage. Long after the little casement above had been partly opened, and he had seen Nora pass and repass before it, as if preparing to assist Millicent at her toilet, he had awaited for some time in the garden—in the dear old arbor, and, lastly,

in the little sitting-room, in expectation of Miss Aboyne coming down to breakfast. But finding, at length, that there were not even any symptoms of preparation for the morning meal, he was driven to inquire the reason of such unusual delay, and then learnt, with a pang that wrung him to the heart's core, (for Nora spared not to speak home,) that, for some time past, Millicent had been too much enfeebled to rise at her accustomed hour, and now habitually took her breakfast in bed. The emotion with which Vernon listened to this startling corroboration of his fears, still trembled in the tone of his voice as he hurriedly remarked, "Why, Nora! surely it was not so long ago, that when I breakfasted here last?"—"Oh, no! Mr. Horace; not so long to be sure," interrupted the faithful servant, with a look that spoke, and was meant to speak, keenest reproach; "not more than a fortnight maybe, or perhaps three weeks—no time at all—only people may be dead and buried, and forgotten too, you know, Mr. Horace, in less than that. The last time you were to have breakfasted here, you were so thoughtful as to tell Miss Aboyne over night that you would come next morning; so the dear child would rise, and make me dress her to be ready for you—she was too ill then to dress herself, poor heart!—though I told her it was ill spending her precious life upon one that little deserved it of her."—"Little indeed!" groaned Horace, as he turned abruptly from Nora and the cottage, to breakfast where and with what appetite he might.

But Horace Vernon's versatile feelings and unstable nature, characteristics often leading to results as fatal as those consequent on the indulgence of violent and evil passions, were as easily elated as depressed; and, in truth, his mind was not so constituted as to be long capable of enduring or retaining a deeply painful impression. By degrees he deluded himself into the belief that he had been too seriously alarmed, though not too soon

awakened. And indeed his now tenderly unremitting watchfulness of the drooping Millicent was soon rewarded by such a reviving brightness of spirit in her, as in a manner reflected itself outwardly on the fair and fragile frame, which at all times sympathised but too faithfully with the fine essence it enshrined. It is true, Millicent herself replied only by a grateful smile, or an evasive word—not always uttered with a steady voice—to Vernon's fond entreaties that she would acknowledge herself to be regaining strength—that she would bless him with some assurance that might confirm his sanguine hopes. But Mr. Henderson's manner and replies were more decidedly encouraging. Even Nora began to look less coldly, and by degrees more cheerfully, when he encountered her in his frequent visits; and at last, one evening as he was leaving the cottage, she not only vouchsafed to resume her old office of opening the garden gate for him, but said, in a half cordial tone, as he was passing, "Good night, Mr. Horace! Keep a good heart, and all may end well yet."—"Bless you! thank you! thank you! dear, dear, sweet, lovely Nora!" was Vernon's rapturous exclamation, as, dashing back the closing gate, so as almost to upset his old friend, he hugged her round the neck with such schoolboy vehemence of delight, as left her wellnigh breathless and half indignant, though not quite unaccustomed in former days to such ebullitions of his volatile spirits.

Her rebuke (if she uttered one) was, however, quite lost on the offender. Before she had time to set her cap straight, or smooth down her ruffled neck-kerchief, he was already half way to the Rectory, which he re-entered that night in a frame of mind so overflowing with happiness, security, self-reconciliation, and universal benevolence, as reflected its own hues on all surrounding objects, animate and inanimate. Dr. Hartop was agreeable—Lady Octavia enchanting—all but her charms and obligingness forgotten or forgiven—(what was any

woman's heart to him but Millicent's ?) —her harp and voice in exquisite tone —his own vocal powers and his flute in the happiest unison with both ; Dr. Hartop gradually sank to balmy slumbers ; music was discontinued in consideration for his repose ; conversation succeeded—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—of course restricted, on the Doctor's account, to the low key and subdued tones that sound so sweetly confidential ; and when, on his awakening, bed-candles were lighted, and Lady Octavia, taking hers from

Vernon, and gracefully paying her parting salutation to Dr. Hartop and himself, withdrew to her own apartment, she just turned her head on entering it to glance down the passage, at the end of which Vernon was still unconsciously holding open the drawing-room door, as he gazed after her receding form, and softly said to herself, with a quiet inward laugh, a curled lip, and an eye of infinite meaning, "Ah, ha ! je te rattrappe, fine mouche ! Sauve toi si tu pourras."

THE DRUGGIST OF FIFE.

WHETHER it was in consequence of an epidemic prevailing, or of the season, which was Christmas, and the consequent repletion attendant on it, that had caused such an unusual influx of customers to the shop of Andrew, Chemist and Druggist in the town of Fife, certain it is that he and his boy had been more than usually employed in compounding aperients and emetics for the inhabitants of the good city ; never before had such a demand on his gallipots and bottles been made—never before had blue pill and jalap been used in such profusion, and never before had Andrew felt more sincere pleasure than he derived that evening, from the market-house clock striking eleven, his signal for closing. With alacrity his boy accepted his permission to depart, and left his master to enjoy solitude for the first time during the day, and to calculate the quantity of drugs made use of during it. This was not small—14½ oz. blue pill, 4lb. jalap, besides colocynt, senna, and rhubarb, at the lowest computation, had he prepared for the good townfolk of Fife ; innumerable had been the cases of cholera morbus, and plum-pudding surfeits he had relieved that day, and the recollection of the proportion of evil he had been the means of alleviating, gave him the most pleasing sensations. The profit also accruing from his day's labor, contribut-

ed no small share of pleasing thoughts, and one half hour more had passed, ere it entered his mind the time for closing had more than arrived ; he had, however, just arisen for the purpose, when a stranger entered. Now Andrew, though an industrious man, would willingly have dispensed with any other call for his services for that evening, and not altogether so obligingly as usual did he welcome his customer, but awaited his commands without deigning a question. The stranger was not, however, long in opening his commission, neither did he appear to take Andrew's inattention at all amiss ; he seemed one of those happy beings upon whom outward circumstances make little or no impression, who could be either civil or otherwise, as should happen to suit his humor, and who cared little for any opinion but his own. His broad and ample shoulders, over which was cast a large coachman's coat, with its innumerable capes, and his hands thrust into the pockets, and his round, ruddy, good-humored face, showed that the cares and troubles of the world had made but little impression upon him. Andrew had seen many a wild Highlander in his time ; but either there was something peculiar in his customer, or his nerves were a little deranged by his exertions during the day : an indefinable sensation of fear came over

him, for which he could not account, and his first impulse was to run to the door for assistance. But then he bethought himself he might, perchance, fall into the hands of some of those night prowlers, who, report says, make no scruple of supplying medical students with living subjects if they cannot procure dead ones. And more, did he leave his shop, his till would be left to the tender mercies of the stranger; he was, therefore, compelled to summon courage, and demand the stranger's business. This was not so difficult to him, perhaps, as we may imagine, Andrew having formerly served in the militia; but it appeared that his fears had alarmed him far more than there was any occasion, for, on asking the stranger's business, he in the most polite manner only requested him to prepare a box of moderately strong aperient pills. This at once relieved his fears, though it did not entirely remove them, and Andrew quickly set about the necessary preliminaries. Blue pill and jalap once more were in request, but so much had the stranger's sudden appearance agitated him, he could not recollect their places so readily as usual, and he was more than once on the point of mixing quite the reverse of what he intended. The stranger observed to him he appeared agitated, and politely begged he would wait a little and compose himself, as he was in no hurry. Here all Andrew's fears returned, and in spite of all his efforts his hand shook as though he had the palsy, and never had the preparation of a box of pills appeared so irksome to him. It seemed as though the very medicine itself had this evening conspired to torment him; three times longer than it usually took him had he now been, and though the town clock had already told the hour of midnight, still Andrew was at his post, grinding and pounding, and often, as he delayed for a moment from mere inability to proceed, the stranger politely besought him to rest a few minutes and compose himself, and Andrew, for very shame, was compelled to resume

his occupation. At length his labors drew to an end, and he prepared the label, pasted it on, neatly covered the box with blue paper, and presented it to the stranger.

"I will thank you for a glass of water," said he, as he bowed to Andrew, on receiving the box, "and I see, Sir, you have given me a smartish dose. 'All these pills to be taken at bed time,' but so much the better, they will perform their required duty sooner. I have, ere now, mastered a leg of mutton: and some writers affirm the human stomach can digest a tenpenny nail, so here goes."

It was in vain Andrew assured him he had made a mistake in the directions, and that one pill was sufficient; in vain he remonstrated with him on the danger of taking a larger dose; pill after pill disappeared from his alarmed view, while between every three or four, in the same equable and polite tone came; "I will thank you to prepare me another box, and compose yourself, Sir; I'm in no hurry." Who could the stranger be? Andrew was now at the very climax of alarm; the perspiration stood on his brow, and his hands trembled so as to render it almost impossible to reach down his jars without damaging them. Strong doses he had certainly often prepared after a city feast, for the attendants on it; but this outdid them all. A man that could devour a leg of mutton, digest a tenpenny nail, and take a box of blue pills at a mouthful, had never entered his imagination, much less did he ever expect to see such a being in person; but be he who he might, he was again obliged to commence his labor. The stranger had now finished his box, and Andrew had no alternative but to commence again, or stare him in the face; the latter he could not do, as his imagination had now metamorphosed him into something more or less than man. Once more, therefore, did Andrew ply at the pestle, while the stranger, as if to beguile the tedium of waiting, began to grow more loquacious. Had Andrew ever sought after the Philoso-

pher's Stone, the Universal Solvent, or the Elixir of Life? Did he put much faith in Solomon's Balm of Gilead, or Carrington's Pills, or did he believe in the Metempsychosis? In vain he assured him he studied nothing but the Edinburgh Dispensatory, that his shop bounded his researches; the stranger took it for granted he must be able to give or receive information, and question after question did he put, to which Andrew assented, without knowing their purport. At length he seemed to have exhausted all his subjects, sat himself on the chair, as if to compose himself to sleep, and in a short time gave unequivocal proofs of it. Andrew now began to breathe more freely, and ventured to cast his eyes towards his strange customer; and, after all, there was nothing to be alarmed at in his appearance, except he noticed the breath from his nostrils appeared more like the steam of a tea-kettle than the breath of a human being. Still there was nothing extraordinary in his appearance; he had a good jovial English farmer's face, and a dress that well suited it; to be sure a smile, or rather grin, lurked in the corner of his mouth, even while asleep, as if he mocked poor Andrew's perplexity. He did not, however, allow much time for observation—he seemed to be intuitively aware Andrew had ceased his operations, and he awoke with his usual polite manner. "Oh, I see you have finished; have the goodness to prepare me one box more; but let me pray you to take your leisure and compose yourself, for I am in no hurry." Andrew, who had fondly hoped his labor was at an end, now found himself obliged to renew it again with vigor, while the stranger aroused himself, rose from his chair, yawned and shook himself—spoke of the comfortable nap he had enjoyed, was sorry he had kept Andrew up so late, or early rather, for it was now morning. Andrew, though internally wishing him any where but in his shop, yet constrained himself politely to answer, that his commands gave him much

pleasure. Again did he renew his toil. Box after box did he prepare without intermission, and the hours of one, two, and three, had been told in succession, by the market clock. Bitterly did he lament his destiny—long before this he ought to have been snug and comfortable in his warm bed. Anger now began to assume the place of fear, as he grew more accustomed to his visiter's company, and often did he determine in himself to refuse preparing any more. Still his courage was not yet at that pitch; probably his exertions, as I said before, may have injured his nerves—however, he could not rally himself enough to do it. The stranger, with his usual smile or grin, stood looking on, employing his time by beating the devil's tattoo on his boot, while at intervals came forth the usual phrase, "Another box, but don't hurry yourself." At length, mere inability to proceed any farther supplied the place of courage; his arms and sides ached to such a degree with his labor, as to cause the perspiration to stand on his brow in great drops, and he declared he could proceed no further. The alteration in the stranger's countenance told him he had better have left it unsaid, and his hands instinctively grasped the pestle with renewed vigor, but his repentance came too late; the stranger's hand was already across the counter, and in a second more had grasped Andrew's nose as firmly as if it had been in a vice. Andrew strove in vain to release himself—the stranger held him with more than human grasp; and his voice, instead of the polite tone he had before used, now sounded to his terrified ears what his imagination had pictured of the Indian yell. The pain of the gripe deprived him of voice to assure his tormentor he would compound for him as long as he would wish; still he contrived to make signs to that effect, by stretching his hands towards his mortar, and imitating the action of grinding; but his tyrant was relentless—firmer did he close his fore-finger and thumb. Andrew could not shake him off; like

a person afflicted with night-mare, he in vain essayed his strength, though agonized with the fear of losing his prominent feature in the struggle. The stranger, at length, as if endowed with supernatural strength, lifted him from the ground, balanced him in

the air for a moment, gave him a three-fold twitch, drew him head foremost over the counter, and let him fall.—When he came to his senses he found himself lying outside his bed, the only injury from his fall being a broken nose.

THE TWO HOMES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh ! if the soul immortal be,
Is not its love immortal too ?

SEEST thou my home ?—"Tis where yon woods are waving
In their dark richness, to the sunny air ;
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hills a vein of light—'tis there !

Midst these green haunts how many a spring lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, color'd with the skies,
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies !

My home ! the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track,
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there pray'd for !—there my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye,
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother ;
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly !

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home-voices meet at day's decline ;
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending—
—There laughs *my* home. Sad stranger ! where is thine ?

—Ask'st thou of *mine* ?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away ;
'Tis where *I* too am loved, with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step—But where are they ?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling,
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air !—
I know it not—yet trust the whisper, telling
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving ?
Happy *thou* art, that so canst gaze on thine !
My spirit feels but, in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine !

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother !
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene !
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I will believe—but dark seas roll between.

BARBA YORGI—THE GREEK PILOT.

[The following interesting sketch of the destruction of Scio, and the subsequent blowing up of the ship of the Captain Pasha, was related to an English traveller in the Morea, in 1827, by Barba Yorgi, a Greek pilot, who at the time of these occurrences was in the service of the Turks, into which he had been compelled to enter. It is not often one has an opportunity of learning from the survivor of such an adventure as the last of these, the awful particulars attending it.—After giving a history of his own life, and many of the atrocities of the Turks which he had witnessed, he proceeds to that of the two events mentioned above.]

You are aware, Sir, that before our revolution, all the *seamen* of the Ottoman navy were Greeks, the Turks confining themselves to the more noble occupation of firing the guns, and despising all the nautical portion of the service, as a thing far beneath them. When the rising of our nation became generally known, many of these sailors fled, as opportunity offered, from the ships of the tyrant to those of their countrymen. The condition of those who could not escape became dreadful; the Turks, though they knew they could not do without their services, were unable to repress their hate and revenge. Whenever intelligence came of any success obtained by our brethren in Greece, the pistol and yataghan were sure to go to work among us. Even in times of no extraordinary excitement I have seen a man cut down by my side, merely because the Turk imagined his features bore an expression of joy or triumph. A word of sympathy in the cause of his country, that might escape a Greek, ensured him instant death. Indeed, no state could well be worse than ours; and what aggravated its bitterness beyond endurance, was, that we were to be made, in the hands of our tyrants, the means of carrying ruin and death to

our friends and countrymen. If we turned our eyes towards the shore, there was nothing calculated to console us there. The turbulent populace of the immense capital was burning with the fiercest of passions, and eager for blood and pillage; every day saw some of the noblest or richest of our unhappy caste fall unresisting victims; and the blood of the ministers of our holy religion, even of the venerated head of our church, was shed with remorseless profusion. It was on board of the ship where I, and about a hundred other Greeks, were compelled to serve, that the Captain Pasha embarked early in the year 1822. Shortly afterwards the strong fleet, that was then all ready, set sail. The first place that the long gathering tempest fell upon was the island of Scio, and every body knows with what violence it fell. The scenes of horror that were played off there for the space of six weeks, have been made familiar to the world; and, coupled with the more recent destruction of Ipsara, the fall of Scio will long be held as the very perfection of atrocity, beyond which it would be difficult even for fiends to proceed. By day I heard the shrieks of the fleeing, and the curses of the pursuers; the supplicating voices of women, children, and old men, dying away in the short, tremulous cry of death's agony. Day after day I heard the irregular discharge of musketry, with, now and then, the deep roar of artillery; I heard the crash of stately houses, as their marble walls fell to the earth; I saw the smoke extend in dense masses over the fair city, and rise, at intervals, from the pleasant villas and olive groves, from the bright gardens of oranges and citrons, and from the *bosquets* of the favorite mastic.

But by night how fearful was the spectacle! The murderer reposed from his bloody labors; a deathly silence reigned, broken, occasionally,

by the loud crackling of the consuming fire, the fall of a building, or the savage cry of some Asiatic sentinel. The flames rose high from tower and grove, lighting up the destruction they were making; they darted in broad, red masses across the channel that divides the island from the main, and reflected on the black sides and lofty summit of Cape Karabournou. Then I saw consuming the beautiful city, the fairest, the politest of all the Levant, where, at different periods of my life, I had passed many a happy day; then I saw the ravage of the destructive element among those lovely gardens, the odor of whose fruit-trees had so often saluted me across the calm waves, charmed my senses, and given me the pleasant assurance that I was approaching home. Many and many a time, as I have been sailing out of the bay of Smyrna, have I scented, at the distance of miles, the sweet blossoms of the orange tree, the citron, and the almond, that were prodigal of beauty and wealth to the dwellers in the happy island of Scio. What had the marble halls and inoffensive plants done that they should thus be destroyed! One would have thought that the love of possession would have saved them, and that the Turks, contenting themselves with wrenching them from those who had built and planted them, would have stayed the hand of injury, and kept them for their own use and enjoyment. But it is part of their brutal character to delight in destruction; perhaps, they are anxious to efface works they themselves know not how to imitate; they may have considered the symmetric, elegant, comfortable edifices a reproach to their own paltry constructions of lath and mortar: perhaps,—but why speculate on the motives of their barbarity? the fact is,—and alas! how often has it been proved of late years—the Turk ever finishes with fire what he has begun with the sword, and so soon as he has pillaged the money and jewels, and secured such women as may have charms for his brutal lust, or who he

imagines will sell well, he hastens to render the scene of his triumph a heap of desolate ruins. To do this in Scio required hard work, and the perverse industry which the Turks displayed to accomplish their purpose was truly astonishing. The houses, being well built of hard stone and marble, with scarcely any wood in them but the doors and window-frames, were very difficult to burn; they had the barbarous constancy of purpose to return to the same building five, ten, or fifteen days, successively, and even after all, the strong outer walls are nearly all yet standing. I except, however, the palace of the Bishop, where the short assemblies of the Greek people were held, and the Greek college, in which, before our troubles, from four to five hundred youths of Scio, and other islands of the Archipelago, were educated; these two edifices were rased to the ground—not one stone was left upon another. It is a sad thing now, Sir, as you must have felt, to walk through that desolate town; to see those smoked, scorched, skeletons of houses that were once so beautiful. When I was there, a few days ago, I walked through street after street and did not meet a human being. I started a covey of partridges in the *Strada de' Primati*, which I had known so populated and gay. I saw an unowned starved bitch giving suck to her miserable litter in the corner of a marble paved hall, that had belonged to a wealthy merchant, and which I had seen frequented, in other days, by a large and handsome family, and numerous and smiling friends. Sturdy shoots of the wild fig-tree had sprung up within the holy church; the floor was overgrown with nettles, weeds hung from the walls, swarms of insects were seen rushing to their secret holes, and an odious black snake lay coiled on the very altar stone! I could have wept to see such changes.

I now, Sir, come to the night on which our brave Canaris took his signal vengeance on the Turks for the cruelties they had committed, and were then committing, against us. A

terrible night, Sir, it was. When I look back to it, it seems like some horrible dream; such a dream as might visit a guilty soul, when laboring under remorse of conscience, and the dread of everlasting perdition; a vision of the day of judgment; a scene of the deep abyss of unquenchable flame, from which may the Virgin and saints deliver us! The Turkish fleet was lying quietly and unsuspectingly at anchor off Scio, on a fine night, in the month of June; the hour was waxing very late; the coffee-shops on board had ceased to give out the chibouques and cups; the Turks were reposing, huddled together like sheep, on the decks; the Captain Pasha had retired to his splendid cabin, his officers had followed his example; no regular watch being ever kept on board a Turkish man of war. I, and a few Greek lads, still lingered on the upper deck, and, for want of better amusement, were watching the progress of a dark sail, which we saw emerge from the Spalnadore Islands, and bear down the channel in our direction. She came stilly on, approaching us nearer and nearer, and we kept gazing at her, without, however, apprehending anything, until we saw another sail in sight, and perceived that the vessel we had first made out was hauling up in such a manner as would soon bring her right alongside our lofty three-decker. I then ventured to go below and speak to one of the Turkish officers. This gentleman cursed me for disturbing him, called me a fool, and after speaking disrespectfully of the mother that bore me, grumbled out that they must be merchant vessels from Smyrna, turned himself on his other side, and fell again to sleep. Still the suspicious ship came on nearer and nearer; I spoke to some of the men, who replied much in the same manner as the officer had done, wondering what I had got into my head, to be running about breaking people's rest at such a time of the night. What more could I do?

When I again ascended the quarter

deck, the vessel was close astern—within hail. She was a large black brig, but not a soul could I see on board except the man at the helm. Of my own accord, I cried out to him to hold off, or he would be split to pieces against us. No answer was returned, but, favored by a gentle breeze, on came the brig, silent and sombre as the grave. Whilst fixing my eyes intently on these incomprehensible proceedings, I saw the helmsman leave his post, having secured his tiller hard a-port—the next instant I heard a noise like that made by the manning of oars—then I saw a boat drop astern from under the lee of the brig—and ere I could again draw breath, the brig struck violently against our side, to which (by means I could not then conceive) she became at once attached like a crab, or the many-armed polypus. Before one third of the slumbering Turks were aroused, before a dozen of them had seized their pikes and spars to detach the dangerous neighbor—she exploded!—A discharge—a fire—a shock, like the mighty eruption of some vast volcano, rose from the dark, narrow bosom, and quickly she was scattered in minute fragments, high in the astonished, but placid heavens, wide over the sea, and among our decks and rigging—destroyed herself in the act of destroying, though we could see the hands that had directed and impelled the movement of the dreadful engine pulling fast away in the boat. They might have taken it more coolly, for the Turks had other matters to think of, than pursuing them—our ship was on a blaze—the flames were running like lightning along our rigging, and had seized on so many parts at once, that the confused crew knew not where to direct their attention. The Captain Pasha rushed upon deck like a man who had heard the sound of the last trumpet; he did not, however, lose much time in beating his forehead and tearing his beard; he proceeded with great firmness of mind to give judicious orders, but the fire was too widely

SUNSET MEDITATIONS.

BY DELTA.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
 Tell Nature of decay,
 Tell Friendship of unkindness,
 And Justice of delay.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE sun goes ploughing down the seas
 Of glory in the gorgeous west ;
 The deep, unruffled by a breeze,
 Through all its waves is hush'd to rest ;
 Silence is on the mountain's breast,
 And slumber in the stireless grove,
 As here, an unaccustom'd guest,
 Beneath these aged elms I rove.

Trees of my boyhood ! to my mind
 Ye conjure far-departed scenes,
 And, as fond Memory looks behind,
 Though many a dim year intervenes,
 The past awakens ; brightly greens
 Time's faded landscapes on my view,
 And Hope, even yet, confiding, leans
 On what seem'd firm, and proved untrue.

Again I roam the fields of youth,
 How sweet of scent, how bright of bloom,
 Warm Boyhood, with its heart of truth,
 Is there ; and faces, which the tomb
 Enshrouded long ago, illumine
 The prospect with their living smiles ;
 Even now, from out Oblivion's womb,
 Its varnish'd phantoms Fancy wiles.

Yes, from the bustling din of life,
 'Tis sweet unspeakably to turn
 To times and days devoid of strife ;
 And conjure from the silent urn
 Hearts, which with ours were wont to burn,
 Ere Care bedimm'd the bloom of Joy,
 Or Time had taught the soul to mourn
 The baffled prospects of the Boy !

Ah ! then we little guess'd how Wealth
 Could rob the spirit of its rest ;
 Opinion was unfetter'd ; Health
 Diffused a noonday through the breast ;
 Sorrow had come not to molest
 With racking dreams the peaceful night ;
 And in its hopes the heart was blest
 At evening fall, and opening light.

Pent in the city den, where man
 Encounters man in daily strife,
 Where words and actions, squared by plan,
 Show nothing but the prose of life,—
 We come to look on earth, as life
 Alone with sordid schemes and lies ;
 Yet feel that Resolution's knife
 Would vainly cut the Gordian ties.

Down to our paltry fates we bow,
 And, month by month, and year by year,
 We steel our sympathies, and go
 Headlong in Error's wild career ;

We mock the doubts, and scorn the fear
 That tender Conscience erst betray'd,
 And boldly sin, and widely veer
 From duty's dictates, undismay'd ;

Till on some eve, methinks like this,
 When green the earth, and blue the skies,
 When, slumbering as it were in bliss,
 Earth, wrapt in holy quiet, lies,
 We start to find that otherwise
 Swell'd the young heart in such a scene,
 When open'd first on Wonder's eyes
 A world so soft, and so serene !

Then do we feel the worthlessness
 Of what we pant for and pursue ;
 And yearn for pleasures, which could bless
 The simple heart, when life was new :
 Fond Memory sickens at the view
 Of what hath been, no more to be,—
 Visions that pass'd like vernal dew,
 Or leaves from shorn November's tree !

Yes ! he who knows the world must feel
 'Tis futile, fickle all at best,
 And that 'twere wise to sternly steel
 Against its random darts the breast.
 How is the inmost soul distressed,
 To find that those, who owed us good,
 Should turn, when needed, like the rest,
 In heartless, base ingratitude !

How sweet the evening gleams and glows—
 The homeward sea-mews flit around—
 The ocean breathes a calm repose,
 Unrippled, and without a sound.
 Peaks of the west ! the scene ye bound,
 Illumed above, but dark beneath—
 The sun glares o'er the blue profound,
 A giant smiling even in death !

Oh Nature, when our eyes survey
 The priceless charms thou hast in store,
 Art's tinsel trappings fade away,
 We learn to love thee more and more ;
 There is a pleasure on the shore,
 And beauty in the leafy wood,
 Which bid the baffled heart deplore,
 That e'er for guilt was barter'd good !

Alas ! too late we feel and know,
 That pleasure in our souls must dwell ;
 That pomp is only gilded woe ;
 And Flattery's voice a tinkling bell ;
 In vain would Passion's bosom swell
 Against the fate we sought and found ;
 The soul, that sleeps in Error's cell,
 Awakes in Misery's fetters bound !

THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.

PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

[In the fifth number of the last volume of the *Athenaeum*, we inserted, as one of our "Sketches of Contemporary Authors, &c." a notice of the Rev. Dr. Chalmers. The brilliant speech made at the late meeting in Edinburgh, by this powerful and eminent divine, in favor of Catholic Emancipation, and which has been re-published in many of the American papers, renders the following additional notice of him, by a gentleman who has known him long and intimately, peculiarly seasonable. It contains more of the anecdotal parts of a biography than the former paper.]

DR. CHALMERS was born (about fifty years ago) in the small borough of Austruther-Wester, in the county of Fife. That borough and the neighboring one of Austruther-Easter have always had a soul of literature. The Doctor's father was a clothier and draper; a man of the most exemplary piety, of well-informed mind, great liberality of sentiment, and the most delightful manners. He had many sons and daughters, the greater part of whom have fallen victims to disease, at the most promising period of life; and he had to sustain one of the most painful family afflictions to which man can be subjected. But still he was resigned, cheerful, and even playful, and showed that the most punctual attendance to the duties of religion, (for there was religious worship in his family every morning and evening,) instead of damping the pleasure of social intercourse, imparts to it its highest zest. We have deemed it proper to state this circumstance (which we do from the very delightful recollection of our personal knowledge) in order that we may be spared the formal refutation of a calumny which has been sometimes brought against Dr. Chalmers both by the unthinking part of the public, and by those pseudo-religionists who can find no Christianity but in a mysterious and

miraculous conversion,—the class of persons whom Chalmers used so well to characterise as "gossiping malignants." Those persons have said that Chalmers was at one time a sceptic, and that he was converted in we know not what wonderful manner. Now, apart from our personal knowledge that such is not the fact, we appeal to the understanding of any unbiassed reader, whether one who had been instructed in his early years by the precepts and the example of such a father, and who continued with him in all the reciprocal affection of a loved and a loving man, could have been a sceptic on those great doctrines of which he witnessed such delightful effects. To have done so he must have been equally destitute of discernment and feeling,—qualities without which no man ever was, or ever can be, the tithe of a Dr. Chalmers.

From his earliest years Dr. Chalmers was enthusiastically fond of reading, so that when a little boy in the chimney-corner with his book, he got the name of "the minister," not from any view to his future profession, but from his delight being in books. At the same time he was a most active and energetic boy, and when he did enter into sports he took the lead. In very early life indeed, that restless activity of mind, and that determination to seize and to master all subjects, even the most contrary, which has enabled him to do so much more than almost any other man of his time, were abundantly conspicuous. His progress at school was rapid; he went early to college, and, while but a youth, he did the duty of mathematical professor. Though above the average, his attainments in classical literature were not very great. The bent of his mind lay more towards subjects of which the practical application was more obvious. He was a mathematician, a natural philoso-

pher, and, though there was no regular professor of that science at St. Andrews, a chemist.

About the close of the last century he was admitted to orders, and soon after went to assist the Rev. Dr. Charteris, a venerable and eminent preacher near the border. Some years after this the College of St. Andrew's appointed him to the church of Kilmeny, where he set about the discharge of his duties with great energy; but he was not very popular at the outset. This arose, in part, from the want of mental correspondence between the inhabitants of a country parish and a man of so much energy as their pastor, and partly from that very energy itself. He had the utmost dislike of gossiping, cared not much for forms of rustic politeness, and could not find half occupation for his time in his parochial labors. Accordingly, he took to a number of other avocations: he lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects; he became an officer of a volunteer corps, and he wrote a book on the resources of the country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day; and when the Edinburgh Encyclopedia was projected, he was invited to be a contributor, and engaged to furnish the article "Christianity;" which he afterwards completed with so much ability. These supplemental avocations had nothing improper in them; and yet they were not usual among the Doctor's professional brethren, who generally filled up the intervals of their time in visiting and conversations; but the event has shown that, instead of the mental activity which Chalmers thus kept up being injurious to the very highest theological powers, they have been the chief means of developing them. And, though there be not much merit in publishing a prophecy after the event, it was in these very causes of want of village popularity, that the friends of Dr. Chalmers placed their new hopes of the eminence to which he would rise.

Even then, he was a most wonderful man. All life and energy, he was

here, there, and everywhere, both bodily and mentally. Mathematics, botany, conchology, astronomy, politics, political economy, theology, polemics,—he was at them all; and yet his most intimate friends hardly knew when he studied. Indeed the whole of his progress seemed more like the inspiration of heaven, than that of any other man that we ever knew or heard of. Mention a new subject to him, with which you had made yourself familiar, and a week after he would beat you upon it; the cause seemed to be this: he did not plod over books, and become the retailer of recorded opinions. He thought himself, set every one with whom he met thinking, and then generalized the whole. We have often been quite astonished at the quantity of information which we had acquired during a few hours conversation with Chalmers, upon a subject of which neither of us knew much at the outset.

As a friend, his attachment and disinterestedness were unbounded; but he had a great dislike to forms; and though he was very hospitable, his friends very often found him with an empty larder. One day three or four friends called on him; he was just setting out for Edinburgh, but insisted on their dining with him, which was readily agreed to. After giving old Effie (Euphemia) who was the whole of his establishment, her orders, they all sat down to that combination of information and glee, which shortens time most, by actually lengthening it in pleasure and utility. Dinner was soon announced; and two large covered dishes, with a smoking plate of potatoes between, appeared on the table. "Gentlemen," said Chalmers, "under this cover there is hard fish from Dundee, and under that cover there is hard fish from St. Andrew's; take your choice." We have been at many and various feasts, but we have seldom enjoyed an evening like that one.

Sometimes there was not even hard fish, but still there was a resource. We have seen John Bouthron's "kail

pot," broth, beef, and all, brought over to the manse—we have helped to bring it. John was a retired farmer, a very plain but very pleasant old man.

We mention these traits in the character of Dr. Chalmers, as a most effectual means of refuting and reproving those persons who maintain that formality of deportment is essential to eminence, more especially to clerical eminence,—as if dulness were the badge of intellect. Here was the most effective preacher that the age has produced, as innocent certainly, but at the same time as playful as a child. Nor must it be supposed that he was not the same great man and great preacher then as now. Even in his every-day sermons, which he called "short-handers," from their being written in short hand on a slip of paper about double the size of a playing card, there were chains of reasoning, and bursts of imagination and feeling, which we have seldom seen equalled, and never excelled. They were done in no time too; for after a morning's ramble among the rocks and woods in the north of Fife, we have seen him compose a whole sermon in half an hour—aye, in less. Some of his most choice orations were composed thus: as for instance, the matchless charity sermon from the text, "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor,"—a sermon in which the line between genuine charity, and that ostentatious alms-giving which so often usurps its place, is more clearly marked than in any other composition with which we are acquainted. To mention the good ones would only be to give a list; there are degrees of excellence; but we never heard a sermon, or even a remark of Chalmers, in which there was not some indication of genius—some touch of the hand of a master.

We shall never forget the arch face of a jolly farmer, and the observation that he made to us upon leaving the church one Sunday. The sermon is throughout an argument for temperance; and if we mistake not, it was composed as a college exercise. The

text was, "Look not on the wine when it is red in the cup; for it shall bite as a serpent and sting as an adder." The opening is a very glowing and graphic delineation of the seductions of bacchanalian indulgence; and it began with these words: "There is a pleasure, my brethren, in the progress of intoxication." As we were moving along the churchyard path, the farmer said, "I'm thinking the minister and you have been taking a glass extra last night; for he gi'es the same account that I myself could have gi'en fifty times."

It was not in the nature of things that a man possessing such talents could remain in concealment. The people began to understand and relish his sermons; some speeches that he made in the General Assembly attracted the notice both of the clergy and of the Scottish barristers, many of whom attended the annual convocations of the kirk in the capacity of ruling elders. From these, and a number of other circumstances, the popularity of Dr. Chalmers was waxing apace, when about the year 1811 a severe and protracted malady had nearly put an end to all his labors. His constitution never had been of that confirmed strength which a mind of so restless energies would have required; and probably he had exposed himself to fatigue and the inclemency of the weather, in a way which one, who thought less about his mind and more about his body, would have avoided. He was attacked by a very severe and obstinate liver complaint, for the removal of which the administration of a great deal of mercury became necessary. The disease was subdued, but before his system had recovered the requisite tone, he resumed his labors; and having exposed himself to cold, the disease returned with more inveteracy and obstinacy than ever. So alarming was the relapse that his physician had to resort to the boldest means of treatment; and what with the disease, and what with the means of cure, he presented for months a spectacle of

physical exhaustion which we believe that no man of weaker mind could have survived. In the agony of pain, in the exhaustion of nature, and almost in the absence of hope, the firmness and placidity, nay the cheerfulness of his temper never forsook him; and when we have sat by the side of his bed or his couch, in that gloomy mood which steals over one on such occasions, some bright saying, which came but in a half-articulated whisper, has compelled us to laugh, at the same time that the undiminished force and lustre of his mind, amid a physical wreck so nearly total, afforded a very strong argument for mental immortality. We have seen Dr. Chalmers in many attitudes; in the glee of social enjoyment, in the sublimity of science, and in the terrible power of a Christian orator; but we are not sure that we ever saw him more truly in the character of a great man, than when, to all appearances, the scale of life was doubtful, and his friends were trembling for his fate. Since that time he has come more before the world, and commanded admiration from quarters which he then little thought of; but physically, he has never been the same man; and mentally, though his experience has been enlarged, his powers did not admit of enlargement.

The grand feature in the theology of Dr. Chalmers, apart from his power as a practical divine, is his meeting the sceptic on grounds, and combating him with weapons, to which he cannot object. Instead of taking up what is called the *internal* evidence of Christianity, which is a matter of feeling and not of argument, he rests the whole upon the *external*, upon that which has the same evidence as any other fact; and the truth being demonstrated upon this basis, cannot be shaken. Now we know, that this was the mode in which he proposed to treat the subject, for we heard him mention it, a long time previous to his illness, at which time, it has been erroneously stated, a change took place in his opinions on this subject.

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Not very long after his recovery, Dr. Chalmers married a lady whose maiden name was Pratt; with her he got a small addition to his fortune, and a great deal to the comforts of his home; in which there were no more double dishes of salt-fish, or borrowing of John Bouthron's "kail pot;" and as he had less occasion to go abroad for society, his health was soon, in a great measure, restored.

In a few years he was invited to St. John's Church, Glasgow, in a manner highly complimentary to his talents; and though many of his friends dissuaded him, from an idea that the labor would be too much for his bodily strength, and tried to persuade him that he would be more useful living in comparative literary ease at Kilmeny, he resolved, at all hazards, to go. The impression which he made at Glasgow was very great; and his fame soon spread over the whole country. When he visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was quite unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together; and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions, neither in the choicest language, nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on: the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength; his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the

same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Canning, "we have no preaching like that in England."

The measure of his pulpit celebrity was now full; and after about two years in Glasgow, during which he published several works, he was appointed to the chair of Moral Philoso-

phy in St. Andrew's. Of his conduct there we are not informed; but we are inclined to think that the place was too confined for him. In Edinburgh his office is more important; and if his life be continued, he will do much to extend sound and liberal views among the Scottish clergy. Of his tolerance we have just had an example.

THE TWO MINERS OF FAMATINA.*

THE great mountain of Famatina, situated in the province of Rioja, has long been looked upon traditionally as the depository of enormous wealth in the form of gold and silver ore; but the turning this wealth to any important practical account is a circumstance of very recent date; partly owing to the superstitious feelings which the native Indians have always connected, and still connect, with the supposed demons and other supernatural beings who are believed to inhabit the mountain; but chiefly, no doubt, from the absence of any sufficient motive, on the part of the occupiers of the surrounding country, to encounter the perils and hardships attendant on exploring the scene of those, to them, useless and unnecessary treasures; for so rich and fertile are the surrounding plains of the Rioja, and the Pampas, and so comparatively trifling is the labor required to obtain from them all which the simple-minded inhabitants need for their subsistence and comfort, that probably nothing but an actual

display of the physical consequences (in wealth and consideration) to be gained by the enterprise in question, could have induced them to commence or continue the prosecution of it, even since the revolution, and the new train of motives and feelings which that event has introduced. But before that period the wealth of the Famatina mountain remained a treasure of the imagination merely; and was, as such, as much superior to the actual possessions of the miser, who has not the heart to use what he has hoarded, as the feeling of having all one's wants supplied is to that of wants increasing in the exact ratio of the supply to which they refer. The innumerable herds of the Pampas, to be had almost by seeking for—the inexhaustible fertility of the soil, requiring nothing worthy the name of toil in its tillage—the peculiar character of some portion of the vegetation, serving for almost every purpose connected with the actual wants of human life;† and, finally, the beautiful, but enervating

* This brief sketch of the singular circumstances attending the comparatively recent discovery of the wealth of the Famatina mines, is by one who collected them on the spot, and from persons who may be described as eye and ear witnesses of what they reported.

† Allusion is here made to the Algarrova tree, in particular. This tree seems to have been expressly provided by Providence for the sustenance of the rude inhabitants of these districts, and if it were by any accident of nature to be exterminated, it is scarcely too much to say that the population would follow it. It is the universal sustenance of the poor, the idle, and the destitute; there is a drink made from its bean-like pod, which is excellent—its seeds are ground into flour—its leaves are used as the general food for cattle—and its branches, which are studded with sharp-pointed thorns, are stuck in the earth, and wattled together into a sort of palisade, which even a starving bull will not attempt to break through, though he see the tempting pasture on the other side. The wood, too, is not only excellent for all agricultural and architectural purposes, but is, from its hard and solid nature, almost as durable as coals, for fuel. Finally, even dogs are fond of the pod, and pigs fatten on it better than on any other food. The former will often leave their homes, and live in the Algarrova woods as long as the pod is in season; and the poor will none of them work—nor need they—while that portion of the Algarrova tree lasts.

and relaxing climate; all these things united, afforded ample means of content to the comparatively few inhabitants of the vast province of Rioja; which, even at the present time, does not number more than twenty thousand souls. It is true the King of Spain and his government have made repeated attempts to work the mines, known to have formerly existed in this mountain. But they could never hit upon any inducements sufficiently strong to secure the earnest and active coöperation of the inhabitants, or even to overcome that superstitious horror which had been left as a legacy to them by their simple, but in this instance, perhaps, wise ancestors, relative to the dangers—unnamed and unknown, but not the less effectual in their influence—attendant on the task of exploring the vast and naturally terrific solitudes immediately surrounding the objects of search. The early Indians, just referred to, had also adopted another precaution, as if with the view of deterring their descendants from the perilous enterprise in question—perilous even, more on account of the cupidity, which its results excited in their European masters, than in the actual physical hardships and evils connected with it. On ceasing to work the mines, they carefully built up and concealed, by every means in their power, the various openings to them, so as to remove all clue, if possible, to the exploring of them in future.

It should be mentioned, however, that just before the great discovery, now about to be described in detail, a slight impulse had been given to the Riojanos, to avail themselves of the wealth which all believed to be at their disposal, if needed, by the smuggling trade, which commenced at the opening of the present century, between the province and Buenos Ayres, in articles of English clothing. The desire of being more gaily clad than their neighbors—a desire always easy to be put in action, in idle and unoccupied bosoms—had induced a few of the inhabitants to undertake mining

expeditions into the heart of the desolate mountain; and the consequence was that a little silver got into circulation in the province—a thing, till then, almost unknown. At length, in the year 1805, about four years after the slight and insignificant attempts just referred to, there were seen one day, riding into the village of Chilecito, two wretchedly clad men, both mounted on one sorry mule, and armed with one old musket. On inquiry, it appeared that these men had travelled from Peru in the manner just described, and had supported themselves on their journey, entirely by the aid of their old gun, with which they had killed, from time to time, what they needed for their subsistence. It was ascertained, too, that, having been long engaged as laborers in the Peruvian mines, and having acquired the knowledge necessary for their purpose, they had left that country solely with the view of seeking their fortune in the mountain of Famatina—the traditional reports of its wealth having long ago reached the country from which they came. These two men were named Juan Leita, and Juan Echavaria; and I have been told by persons who were eye-witnesses to their first entry into Chilecito, that nothing could exceed the astonishment excited in the inhabitants of the village, at the idea of two poverty-stricken and almost naked beings attempting to contend with the dangers and rigors of the so dreaded solitudes of the Famatina mountain. But these men, unlike the happier inhabitants of the fertile plains of Rioja, had long felt the evils of poverty, and craved the advantages which they had been accustomed to see enjoyed by the possessors of wealth alone; and they determined to risk, and to bear everything, with the view of bettering their condition. These are the class of persons from whom we are to look for those discoveries and achievements, which demand unwearied perseverance, and suppose and include constant privation. The two penniless and friendless adventurers, from a distant land, looked on the wondrous

mountain, of which they had heard so much; and seeing in its now visible form literally "a mine of wealth," they determined within themselves to explore and take possession of its treasures, or perish in the attempt. On their arrival at Chilecito, they were literally destitute of everything necessary to their enterprise, except that unquenchable desire and determination to accomplish it which constitutes in such cases great part of the required power. They had not even brought with them any of the mining tools necessary for the commencement of their operations; nor a farthing of money to purchase them. These, therefore, together with the supply of provisions indispensable to their very existence, while working on a spot, near which none could, by possibility, be procured, they contrived to obtain on credit, from a curate of Chilecito, named Granillo, who agreed to supply them with what they needed, to the amount of thirty dollars, on condition, that if they succeeded in their undertaking, they were to repay him double the amount within a certain time; and, with these supplies they started for the mountain, the very day after their arrival in its neighborhood. They proceeded on foot themselves, as it was necessary to load their mule with the provisions, tools, &c., which they were enabled by the curate to take with them. It is said that the hardships they endured, for the first three or four days, were almost incredible; for, during the whole of that time, they were exposed to the fury of a snow storm, almost naked, and without firing or even shelter. At the end of that time they had contrived to dig out a small cave in the side of the rock to shelter them at night from the snow and rain; and there they used to lie close together, with no other means of avoiding being frozen to death, but that of receiving the animal warmth of each other. Their only provisions were biscuit, and a little dried beef, or *charqui*, which they were obliged to eat cold—having, as I have said, no means of procuring firing of any kind.

Nevertheless, they persevered—their first attempt being made at that part of the mountain, called the Cerro Negro, where, after working for some time, they discovered a small vein of virgin silver, mixed with sulphuret of silver. They continued working upon this for about a month, never quitting the mountain during that period; at the end of which time, having collected together as much ore as they could carry, they returned with it to Chilecito. As all mining speculations had ceased in that neighborhood, they were now at a loss how to turn their little treasure to account, by reducing it to a tangible form. This, however, they at last effected, by grinding the ore to powder, on a large flat stone, as painters grind their colors, and then triturating it with mercury to extract the silver. The produce of this their first adventure was about one hundred dollars; with which, having first paid the curate his promised sixty dollars, they purchased more provisions, and a little clothing, and then returned to the mountain, and were heard of no more for three months. At the end of that time one of them came back to the village, with sufficient silver ore to purchase two additional mules, for the purpose of bringing back the increasing produce of their labors. And thus they went on for about twelve months, never quitting the mountain but when compelled to return in search of provisions. It was understood that, by this time, they had accumulated a capital of about two thousand dollars; and about this time it was that they discovered the rich mine called Santo Domingo. They now found themselves sufficiently beforehand with the world to feel justified in hiring laborers from the village to work for them; and having also purchased a spot of ground in the valley of Famatina, in which there was a convenient fall of water from one of the mountain rivulets, Juan Leita, who was a man of great mechanical ingenuity, constructed with his own hands a trapiche mill, for the purpose of grinding the ore on a larger scale. The whole of this

construction he completed without assistance; and then, being the hardier man of the two, he returned to the mountain, to work and superintend the operations there, while Echavaria came to reside at the mill, and attend to the extraction of the metal from the ore.

In this manner they proceeded for ten years, by which time they had accumulated a capital of a hundred thousand dollars. But in doing this they had excited the malicious envy of the Riojanos, whose cupidity made them covet the wealth which their want of industry prevented them from even attempting to compass for themselves by similar means. At this period, too, the revolution broke out, and afforded the means of, in some measure, accomplishing the object which was now contemplated by some of the heads of the people. The first step taken against them was to order them to pay a contribution of a thousand dollars for the service of the state. This was no sooner complied with than another was sent for a similar sum, and shortly afterwards others to the amount of five thousand dollars more. On this, Echavaria, who was at once a shrewd and a timorous man, and foresaw the storm that was brewing, endeavored to prevail on Leita to join him in retiring to Peru with the property they had amassed. But Leita refused to consent; and the result was, that they came to the resolution of dividing their property, and Echavaria made his escape immediately after—having first buried in a spot, near the mill, that portion of his gains which he was not able to carry with him. Shortly after the departure of Echavaria, it was reported that Leita had discovered another mine, still richer than any of those they had hitherto been working upon. Whether this was true or not, it had the effect of exciting still further the cupidity of the new government, and an order was speedily sent to Leita, requiring him to furnish a still larger contribution. This he had expected, and had prepared himself for, by burying in the ground nearly all his trea-

asures; and his reply to the government order was that they had already deprived him of all his gains. But they were not to be put off in this manner. On receiving the above reply, they immediately had a meeting of the *Cabildo*, in the town of Rioja; and the result was the sending a militia officer, and twenty men, to take Leita into custody, and lodge him in prison, under the pretence that he was an old Spaniard, and an enemy to the state. The party arrived at his house, in the *Escaleras*, just as he was sitting down to dinner; and having immediately taken him, and placed heavy fetters upon his legs, they were about to place him on a horse, and carry him away. But he determined on having recourse to stratagem, with the view of, if possible, gaining his liberty, and escaping from their hands. Accordingly, pretending the utmost submission to the commands of the government, he invited the party to take some dinner with him before they set out, and offered to supply them with some excellent wine, which he possessed. This proposal was immediately accepted by the officer commanding the party; and, as the only servant of Leita, a black slave, had run away on the approach of the military party, Leita offered to wait on them himself, and fetch the wine, serve the dinner, &c. This he did for some time with great apparent good humor, and with great satisfaction to the party; who, as their spirits waxed higher with Leita's excellent wine, grew more favorably disposed towards their prisoner; and the head of them, seeing with what alacrity he went in and out in their service, observed that it was a pity he should be so much inconvenienced by his fetters, and ordered that they should be taken off. Freed from this incumbrance, he still kept running in and out doing their bidding, and supplying them with more wine; till at length, having ascertained the position and arms of the three sentinels who had been placed without, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly closed

the door (which shut with a spring latch) on the drinking party within; and then, having by great resolution and strength disarmed and put to flight the sentinels, he presented himself at the window of the room where the rest were enclosed, and threatened with an axe to chop off the head of the first person who offered to escape by that exit. Then, still keeping watch over the now drunken party within the room, he whistled for his black slave, (who, it appeared, had only been sent out of the way to conceal himself with the view of assisting his master's project,) Leita ordered him to prepare the two best horses of the party and bring them to him, and to unsaddle and turn loose all the rest. This being done according to his desire, both master and man mounted, and were soon at a great distance on the road across the Andes to Coquimbo in Chile. They rode day and night; but by the time they had reached the central ridge of the Andes, their horses sunk under them from fatigue; and on seeing their pursuers approaching in the distance, they abandoned their horses, and continued their flight on foot, making for the crags and precipices where their pursuers could not possibly follow. They were now safe for the present; and in a few days Leita made his appearance before the Spanish Royalist, General Osorio, representing who he was, and the circumstances under which he had left Rioja; and stating that if the general would supply him with a certain number of men he would engage speedily to reduce the whole province to the dominion of the Spanish monarchy. Osorio could not supply Leita with the required means, but was induced, by his representations, to provide him with letters of recommendation to Pezuela, the viceroy of Peru, who, he said, would be likely to further his view in the proposed project. But to deliver these letters, it was necessary that Leita should travel through a great tract of country in the provinces of Tucuman and Salta, at the imminent risk of

falling in with his enemies. He therefore determined on disguising himself as a poor miner, and taking with him only one attendant as a guide on the road he was to go, leaving his own faithful black behind him to avoid suspicion. In this manner he reached in safety the boundary of the province of Salta. But here, observing a scouting party of fifty men at a distance, Leita hid his money and papers in a thicket hard by; which he had scarcely accomplished when the party came up, and began to make illusory inquiries, which he at first refused to answer, for fear of causing suspicion by his Arragon accent. At last, being compelled by their ill usage and threats to speak, he described himself as a poor miner in search of work. But, as he had feared, his accent excited further suspicions, and they proceeded to beat him and his guide, till the latter at last confessed who Leita was, though he could not disclose the object of his travelling that road. But another blow or two soon induced him to confess where his master had hidden his papers and money; and these disclosed all that they wished to know. They then immediately conducted their prisoner to the city of Tucuman; where he was subjected to a brief and summary trial, and was immediately condemned to death for being in correspondence with the enemies of the Patria. Soon after his condemnation, a priest, named Jose Augustin Colombres, came to confess Leita; and, with the view of extracting from him the knowledge of where he had hidden his supposed treasures, he promised to procure a grant of his life on condition of such disclosure. Leita was easily induced, under his desperate circumstances, to fall into this snare; and having made the desired confession to the wily priest, he was almost immediately shot in the Plaza of the town. Two years after this, the above-named priest made a journey to the Escaleras, for the purpose, as is supposed, of taking away the buried treasure, the knowledge of which he had extracted from its owner;

and thus concluded the first modern mining enterprise of the Famatina.

This history was related to me by a person who was himself intimately connected with the mines then working in the mountain, and who went on to tell me a few further anecdotes relating to them. He said that having by dint of hard industry amassed a little capital, he determined to embark it in the mining speculations which the success of Leita and Echavaria had brought somewhat more into fashion; and that having exhausted his own savings of two thousand dollars, he borrowed 2000 more, with which he was at length successful, and speedily afterwards accumulated a capital of 10,000 dollars; but that disgusted by the vexatious obstacles thrown in his way by the new government, he had retired to Cordova with his little fortune, and embarked it in trade. Until this period the mines of the Famatina had been looked upon as open to the enterprises of any body who chose to engage in working them. But when Rivadavia came into power in Buenos Ayres, he determined on turning their wealth to a national account. He therefore sent to the governor of Rioja for a statement of the general state of the mines, and their adaptation to the purposes he had in view, of making them subservient to the interests of the state. The consequence was that a great company was formed at Buenos Ayres under the auspices of Messrs. Hullet, Brothers, and Co. consisting partly of English and partly of native merchants; and to this company the right of working all the mines in the province of Rioja was conceded, for a certain period, and under settled restrictions.

It may be well to close this sketch by a brief notice of the present, or at least the very recent, condition of the mines at Famatina. Some years ago, the number of working miners, employed on the mountain, was rather less than four hundred, a comparatively insignificant number, when it is considered that the mountain is twenty

leagues in length, and that not more than about one-fourth of that extent had been, in any way, explored for mining purposes, and even that portion had been examined very imperfectly. Indeed, so rude was the method then employed of working the mines, and so inexhaustible are the riches supposed to be which they contain, that, at the time referred to, the miners used to turn away with contempt from any spot which did not contain ore capable of returning 640 ounces of silver for every *cajon* (about 4,800lb.); and many of the mines then in work produced an average of four times that proportion. Moreover, so defective was the system of working the mines, it was perfectly well understood that the workmen stole at least half the produce. Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the profits were understood to be immense, as compared with the capital employed for the purpose. The wages paid to the workmen, at the period now referred to, were as follows:—to the working miner (*barretero*) twelve dollars per month, and as much beef, bread, and firewood as he chose to consume; to the *apire*, or laborer, who carried up the ore on his back from the lodes, eight dollars per month, and the same provisions; the overseer (*suajordomo*) was generally paid from twenty-five to thirty dollars per month, and he generally contrived to appropriate as much more. The mountain was, as it were, parcelled out into nine different divisions; of which the richest and most productive was said to be that portion called the Cerro Mejicano, and situated just beneath the snowy ridge. The other portions, bearing the best repute for riches, were the Ampallao, the Cerro Negro, and the Cerro Tigre. In the Cerro Mejicano alone there are eight rich mines. The particular mine which is reputed to be the richest is called the mine of Santo Domingo. It produces abundance of virgin silver, and was, at that time, estimated at the value of 200,000 dollars. The metal of nearly all the mines is silver; but there were

three or four which produced gold. These, however, though more healthy to work than the silver mines, were not looked upon as nearly so profitable.

Finally, it may be mentioned, that the mountain of Famatina presents, from the village of Chilecito, a most beautiful and noble appearance, especially in the early morning, when its enormous snow-crowned ridges are

just receiving the rays of the sun. At this period of the day, indeed, it is usually enveloped, for the most part, in light mists. But as these clear away before the increasing power of the sun as it rises, the various effects of light and shade are most curious and beautiful; and when, at last, the whole is enveloped in the full blaze of day, the effect is truly magnificent.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Alas! the kind, the playful, and the gay,
They who have gladden'd their domestic board,
And cheer'd the winter hearth—do they return!—JOANNA BAILLIE.

Come home!—there is a sorrowing breath
In music since ye went;
And the early flower-scents wander by,
With mournful memories blent:
The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word, *Brother*, wakes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

O ye beloved, come home! the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns—and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdens the heart with tenderness,
That deepens 'midst the gloom.

Where finds it *you*, our wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee
Untamed, beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid-sea?
'Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh! life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main!
Our love is grown too sorrowful,
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
—Still, still your home is fair;
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

AMERICAN CRITICISM.

[A London Magazine for April contains under this head a critical notice of the January number of the North American Review. The writer's opinion of the merits of the first article in that number is contained in the following extract. He considers the article on Austin's Life of Elbridge Gerry the most powerful one in the number, and that on Irving's Life of Columbus to be "very ably and gracefully written." In the review of "Duke Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar's Travels in North America," "we have," he says, "not a little of the sensitive vanity of the national character." "Upon the whole," he adds, in conclusion, "it is impossible not to regard this periodical as exceedingly creditable to the rising literature of America."]

PERHAPS the country that, more than any other, engages the attention of mankind in our day, is the United States of America. We do not say that the people of this country are, either on account of their character or their actual achievements, the most interesting on the face of the globe; but in their accidental position they unquestionably are. If we thought, as many do, that they had already completed their grand experiment in government and social regeneration, we should scarcely perhaps say this; but regarding them, as we do, as still on their trial before the world and in the midst of their voyage onward to a mighty fulfilment, or a still mightier

failure, we cannot but feel them to be placed as no other nation is for drawing to them the gaze of a liberal and philosophical curiosity. The subject of the hopes and fears that may be felt with regard to them is, in its general scope, greatly too wide a one for us even to enter upon here; but we may possibly take a future opportunity of hazarding a few remarks upon it, when we can give it our undivided attention. In the mean time we have a very few words to say on a sample of the popular literature of our transatlantic brethren, which now lies before us—"The North American Review," which we noticed, with other American periodicals, in our Number for September last. The last number that has appeared of this work is the sixty-second, dated January in the present year.

The first article in the present number, and perhaps the one of greatest pretension which it contains, purports to be a review of Mr. Hunt's late work on Lord Byron, which, however, the writer dismisses in a single introductory paragraph, devoting the remainder of his space to a dissertation on the Decline of Poetry, of which he is pleased to say Mr. Hunt's name and writings, by a very easy and natural association, remind him. This article is not an unfavorable specimen of that tranchant style of criticism which a few years ago used to be so fashionable among ourselves, but which, we are happy to think, has of late begun rapidly to give place to a more genial manner of estimating both the beauties and the faults, the powers and the weaknesses, of gifted minds. In the times to which we allude our critics used to write, even when in their best humor, and while descanting on the works of the greatest authors of the age, much in the style in which the keepers of menageries are wont to expatiate to the company in exhibiting their wild beasts, mixing, with the most lordly flippancy imaginable, their tones and accents of authority with those of condescending patronage; almost, one would have

thought, as if they really took themselves to belong to a different species from the poor devil of a poet, or other man of genius, whom they had got caged and were stirring up with the long pole for their own diversion and that of their readers. Any expression of reverence or humble affection for the noble nature of him whom they had thus summoned into their presence they never for a moment dreamed of giving way to. If the lion had a peculiarly majestic gait, or richly flowing mane, they pointed it out to be sure; but it was principally that they might show their own critical cleverness in detecting the feature, much in the same manner as you might point out in a garden with your walking-stick a fine specimen of a grub or a caterpillar. These were certainly the golden days of critics, if not of criticism. Our reviewers were then the throned sovereigns of the world of literature, at least in their own estimation; and so imposing for a time is mere pretension, that they were actually looked up to and dreaded as such by no small a proportion of the rest of the public. We have, however, as we have said, considerably reformed all this now; the pert scribblers of our reviews and magazines have been taught their proper place; and how infinitely their place is below that, of many at least, of those on whom they were wont to lavish so liberally their insolent ridicule or more offensive courtesies. The several causes to which we are indebted for this revolution we have no time at present to inquire into; but we should despise ourselves if we could be withheld by any feelings, as to other matters, from acknowledging how much of it we owe to the example of one celebrated periodical—"Blackwood's Magazine"—which has, from the very first, lifted a voice of powerful eloquence against the wretched assumption to which we have been adverting, and most ably vindicated that rightful supremacy of genius which it had become so much the fashion of our mere men of talent

to forget. On the other side of the Atlantic, however, if we may judge by the disquisition before us, reviewers have scarcely yet learned to think that there is any one greater than themselves, or in speaking of whom it becomes them to use any other language than such as a schoolmaster would employ in catechising his pupils, or a draper in passing sentence on the quality of a web of broadcloth. This is a smartly-enough-written article; but the tone of it is really from beginning to end, to our taste, insufferably offensive. We do not greatly complain of the summary style in which Mr. Hunt's literary merits are dismissed; although, without any wish to deny or palliate the affectations and other littlenesses which are to be found in his works, we hold much of his poetry, and a good deal of his prose, in considerably higher estimation than this critic, because he is evidently mentioned merely for the purpose of introducing another subject which alone there is any attempt to discuss seriously and at length. But our lively scribe is, in truth, quite as much at his ease among the greatest names of the age, and of all ages, as he is among the least; and discourses about Byron, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and "the good old way of Milton and Pope," almost as flipperantly as about Mr. Hunt himself. By-the-bye, what may be this same "way of Milton and Pope," which we find so repeatedly recommended as the only model of excellence in these pages? Does this writer really imagine these two poets to be of the same school? or to have any remarkable characteristics in common? except, indeed, that they neither of them belong to the present age, which is, to be sure, a most admirable reason for describing them as writing in "one

way." We can only say that we dissent from our critic here, and also in many of his other opinions; as for example, when he affirms "that there can be no doubt that poetry has been losing the public favor, (his leading proposition,) and that the poets of the present century have contributed to the disrespect into which their art has fallen;" and that "the only thing approaching to a standard of taste is the sentiment of the greatest proportion of men;" and that "Byron's smaller pieces are those of his writings most likely to be admired in future times;" and that "next to Byron we must place Campbell;" and that "Wordsworth," the poet who has, in fact, revolutionized our poetry, "has had less influence on the public mind than any distinguished writer of the age;" and that "Coleridge has been fortunate enough to maintain the reputation of a great genius *merely* on the strength of his *Ancient Mariner*;" and multitudes of other assertions of a similar order which meet us in every page of the article. Superficial, however, and as we cannot help thinking, positively erroneous as is much of the philosophy of the disquisition, it is, as we have already said, cleverly written, and contains a good deal of very felicitous expression. We were struck particularly with the passage in which Campbell is described, in allusion to the *Essay on English Poetry*, in the first volume of his *Specimens*, as having been employed in "building the older prophets in a beautiful criticism," and with the other place where it is said of Byron, among the recollections of Rome, that "he seems like a guide walking mysteriously through the city, and when he comes to some striking fragment of antiquity, turning upon it the strong light of his dark lantern." Both these figures are worthy of poetry.

BEAUTY.

Crowds talk of beauty: yes! of the mere word!

'Tis all they know of it. Alas! how few
Guess its high attributes!—or e'er have
heard

Its portrait drawn in accents glowing,
true,

As only Taste and Feeling, deeply stirred
By that which touches *them*, have power
to do.

The connoisseurs (oafs!) differ: some declare

That Cleopatra's style—the ebony
Of the full eye and of the flowing hair
Alone form beauty it is fit to see;
Others protest that they can only bear
Tresses of gold, and skin of ivory.

Some praise the full-turned make, the
stately height,

The Queen-like bearing: "Beauty needs
no less."

Many would term the lady quite a fright,
Course, vulgar, masculine, a giantess!
They will not deign to look save at a slight,
A *petite*, fairy, form. "This only!"
"Yes!"

And such as these say no one else can
trace

Beauty of form!—it moves your gall to
hear it!

It is not size or smallness can replace
That which alone creates it, or comes
near it!

"And what is that?"—"What is it?"—
GRACE!"

That has the power to give it, and en-
dear it.

But, oh! of Nature's lovely masterpiece,
The *face of Woman*, let such tongues be
dumb!

Let such vain eyes be blinded, so they cease
Thus to blaspheme the sweetest gifts
that come

To Earth from Heaven!—Say 'tis the line
of Greece

With fair-haired brow, or darker charms
of Rome,—

What boots it,—so the eloquent eyes can
speak

A *soul* of beauty, whose fine powers im-
part

High mind and tender feeling? Oh! 'tis weak
The shape of features, gifted with the art
Of breathing blessings such as these,—to
seek!

Beauty *this* is!—of Nature! of the Heart!

A SHORT STORY.

Brevity is very good,
When we are, or are not, understood.

THE diffusion of information among all classes of the community, through the medium of liberal opinions and cheap books, fraught as it must be with incalculable advantages to individuals and to the community, is yet not without its drawbacks. True, it will effectually break the chains by which the majority of mankind have been bound to the altars of ignorance and error,—it will render up to its proper exercise of thinking an immense volume of intellect which has too long been smothered under the dull masses of credulity and prejudice,—and by making the minds of the majority work as well as their hands, it will blend with every art its appropriate science, and thus enable each individual to add to the productive value of the nation, by improving that about which he is more immediately occupied. But still there are some drawbacks: it will obliterate many of those characteristic distinctions which have hitherto belonged to districts and classes, and which, to those who love to paint human nature, have often

formed the *chiaro scuro*—the grouping of light and shade which have given to the productions much of their charm and effect. For all purposes of strength, and greatness, and wealth, and the enjoyment of what it can give, we grant that the change is incalculably the better; but still it is human nature to doat upon the recollection of that which was reality when life was young. Amid the enjoyments of the British metropolis you cannot make the English peasant, however successful he may have been, forget the little ivied cottage in which he was born; green as is the Savannah of the West, Erin will rise greener in vision o'er the blue waste of the sea, to the Irish exile the moment that he sits down to reflect; and gorgeous as is the state, and glowing as is the landscape in oriental climes, the summer *shealing* in the glen will be dearer in reflection to the Scot; the blue-bell and the purple heather will out-lustre all the flowers of the east; and bright as is the sun upon the Ghauts, it will not come up to the little beam which danc-

ed through the thunder-cloud upon the snow-dappled top "o' braw Cairn Gorm."

For the sake of those who feel these things, and for a higher purpose—that of preserving a full and faithful record of the human race—there lies an *onus* on every one who can give even one authenticated trait of the opinions and manners that are vanishing, to render it up, and let it go upon the record.

Besides the necessity of this, from the evanescence of the matter to be preserved—the certainty that if not taken now, it will be gone ere another age has rolled away, there is a necessity in that literature of the time which professes to be a delineation of human character. Formerly the dramatists and the novelists of England ransacked every clime and every class for their characters, and if the artist was a Shakspeare or a Smollet, the picture was truth in all its variety; and, from the haughty bearing of the Roman senator to the uncouth flirtation of the American squaw, the fictionist in story was a sterling matter-of-fact man in every particular. But the case is altered sadly, we should rather say *miserably*. The drama is puns and patch-work; and the novelists are mere court butterflies. Scandal and intrigue, vamped up with occasional scraps of maudlin morality, more pitiable and even more pernicious than the coarseness of the elder giants, and imaginary and distorted characters, drawn, not from real persons, for these have never been seen, or, if seen, never spoken with, but from names hunted up in the Red Book. These, these form the literature of England for the nineteenth century—light indeed in value, and in meaning, but in all else as ponderous, and nearly as poisonous, as *barytes*. Such things are called fashionable, and it must be confessed that they have some of the grand elements of fashion—they come one knows not whence, they go one knows not where; they vanish rapidly, and they leave not a trace behind. Thus the wonted preservers of the peculiarities of human character have aban-

doned their duties, and are as useless as if annalists were to inscribe the events of the time upon a racing river or a dashing cascade, or as if limners should go about to pencil the wind and the whirlwind with the effigies of illustrious men.

But, besides those necessities, there is an example, and an encouraging example: the truth with which Sir Walter Scott has delineated such a variety of Scottish characters does far more than redeem all the witchcraft and *diablerie* to which he has obviously too great a leaning, and all the local prejudices, from which he could be purified only in the crucible of Time;—and the lovers of genius will thank heaven that he has been so purified, and will enter upon the eternity of his fame without the stain of illiberality.

One of Sir Walter's truest and most touching delineations is that of the fisherman and his family, in the "Antiquary;" and rude though be the lines of the hardy reaper of the deep, his courage in the hour of peril, and his grief in that of privations, are haply stronger than if he sat on a throne.

The fishers on the east coast of Scotland, of whom Scott's delineation is almost the only memorial at all true or readable, have long been a singular and a separate people, though they are now so fast blending with their neighbors, that probably before twenty years have elapsed, not a vestige of them will be found,—at least not a vestige of that character which thirty years ago was comparatively pure and perfect. Their principal localities are at Buckhaven, in Fife; at Auchmithie, on the east coast of Angus (where Scott's hero lived); at John's Haven, on the coast of Mearns; and at Buckie, on the shores of the Moray Firth. There are numbers of them at other places, and wherever they are found, their habits are nearly the same; but at the places mentioned they remained longer without admixture. In the choice of their situations they are somewhat

singular; for, though they have not been able to construct their dwellings absolutely in the sea, they have contrived to have them where the land is the least accessible. Buckhaven lies on a narrow beach, with a steep bank behind, the summit of which is not thirty yards from the sea; and it used to be a very extraordinary occurrence if one of the men extended his landward peregrinations to the top of the bank. Daring and persevering in their fishery, (which was generally what is called the *ichite* fishery,) and sober in their habits, they were comparatively rich, and a beggar was never known to issue from one of their villages for the purpose of soliciting alms. Their ignorance of all matters relating to the land, as well as of all the ordinary forms of polish and politeness, even as known to the land peasantry of Scotland, was striking; but they had a politeness of their own, and they had a morality which would have been valuable anywhere—and rare in some very polished societies. As characteristic of their ignorance of rural affairs one fact may be mentioned: John Tamson, of Buckhaven, after a three score and ten years' life upon the waters, (for he was sea-worthy at ten, and had remained on board till his eightieth year,) having earned an ample independence for a fisherman, left his boat and his bravery to his sons and grandsons, and became one of the gentlemen of the village. Like many others, John Tamson resolved to commence his gentleman-craft by foreign travel; and for this purpose, after two days spent in deliberating and preparing, he arrived at the summit of the bank, where he stood in as intense an ecstatic wonder as Bruce did by the fountains of the Nile; and all the strange creatures of Africa did not afford to that traveller more novelty and delight than a cow, which George Wilkie was tending by the hedgeside, afforded John Tamson. The head, the four oars, the rudder, were all surveyed and all criticised. The quarter oars were quarrelled with for

being too far aft, and George was found fault with for steering the cow (which he had in a halter) by a hawser from the bow instead of the tiller. The cow was grazing along the slope, and John came to the lower side to reconnoitre. The uneven surface caused the cow's hoofs to separate considerably. John observed it, and exclaimed, "Egoa, man! baith ye're sdarboard sgulls are shrunng; gi'en ye dinna vish them, they'll be in ribbins up to the thows avore a porpesse coud swallow a witing!"

Auchmithie, in a little hollow, like a shell scooped out of the gigantic and cavern-intersected cliffs between Arbroath and the Red Head, is much more wild and inaccessible; and though the people be not just so secluded, in consequence of the near vicinity of Arbroath, their manners used to be even more singular; and there was much more glee in them than in the inhabitants of the softer shore of Fife. Lord Ethie (Northesk) is the great man of the neighborhood—the ultimate umpire in all alarming cases, and especially that most fearful one when any wag happens to insinuate a hare, or any part thereof, into one of the fishing-boats. On these occasions there is no safety or success for the boat, if his lordship does not cast out the imp with his own hand.

The traditional, but well-authenticated, anecdotes of the Auchmithie fishers are innumerable; and some are told of John Swankie and his spouse—the veritable Saunders and Maggie Mucklebackit of Sir Walter. John was a man of substance, or a "Vather o' the toon," according to the heraldry of the village. One of his sons being a little delicate, John resolved to breed him to a less laborious profession than that of the sea. As education was, even in John's view of the matter, necessary for that purpose, he went to the schoolmaster to settle the terms; and he addressed him in these words: "Zer sguel-maestr, my zon Dam is an aitecky laddie, an' 'as nae stactur for 'is

meat; zo I'm genna zend 'im ta yuar sguel 'till 'e gan rite a letter ta ma Loard Ethie, an' 'dite it tun."

Margaret Swankie's expectations of her son's progress were higher than those even of the majority of the fondest mothers. The boy had been at school a week, and returned to the domestic roof on the Saturday evening; the friends and neighbors were collected; the Aberdeen penny *Almanac*, which called itself "the Prognostication," but was called "the Derrification" by the fishers, who consulted it as the oracle of the moon, the tides, and the weather, was produced; and the learned youth was called upon to expound the book of fate. Not one word could he explain, nor could he name a character in the black-letter title. Upon which his mother exclaimed, with a mixture of all the passions peculiar to her class: "Gae 'wa wi' you! you hinna the zense o' a zick vluke, to be a 'ail uke at the sguel, an canna read a chapter o' the Derrification to your vather's zupper!" But though Margaret was thus high in her expectation of the lore of her son, her own stock was rather scanty.

At the village of Ferryden, on the south side of the Esk, opposite Montrose, there is a colony of these fishers: and the women are in the habit of daily carrying the fish to Montrose for sale. The first mile of the road lies along the bank of the river, and then it returns by a long wooden bridge to Montrose. The first part of the road is on the top of a sunk fence, within which there is an extensive field belonging to the farm of Higham. Some years ago that field was under grass; and among the cattle there was a large white-faced, or as the Scotch call it, *hawkit* bull, of formidable appearance, and far from the most gentle disposition. As the fish-women marched along the top of the fence outside, this bull used to march along the bottom, on the in, and serenade them all the way by incessant bellowing (locally termed *creuning*.) The fence was impreg-

nable, but the enemy was formidable, and if they ventured to stop he used to employ both horns and hoofs in cannonading them with turf from the opposite bank of the ditch. Thus (under the name of "'Igham's 'awkit ox,") he became the general subject of terror; and the young children were stilled, the elder ones kept from mischief, and the whole place, in short, held in awe, little inferior to that of a military despotism, by the "sound and fury" of the white-faced bull,—for of actual mischief done by him, up to this period of his history, not a syllable is recorded.

Even Janet Tyrie, who was alike renowned for her strength and her valor, and who was in these respects the very Thalestris of Ferryden fish-women, quailed and lowered her high spirit at the name, and yet more at the sight and the sound of "'Igham's 'awkit ox." Many were her inward maledictions as she trudged along the fence with her well-filled creel (basket) of fish, or when she returned in ballast,—for the fish-women there are accustomed to so ponderous a load on their crupper, that rather than return with the creel empty, they put a great stone into it, "to steady their quarters," as themselves say. Often did she wish that the butcher would "mak' mutton o' the vilthy brute, an' zell 'im vor vish an' sauce to the bairns' porritch;" but still the formidable ox kept the field; and as the season grew hot his wrath became more alarming than ever.

Even Sunday was no sabbath-day to Janet Tyrie and her associates; for on that day the warlike demonstrations of the ox were doubled and doubled again;—they had to pass two sides of the field in going to their parish kirk (Craig), and as they went there twice, they had their double serenade four times over. One Sunday Janet was a little behind her companions, and in passing along the fence she kept blessing herself that "'Igham's 'awkit ox" was not there, as no sight or sound of him was perceived. Soon, however, was her joy

changed for sorrow deeper than ever; for, upon turning the corner of the fence, the enemy stood before her in the middle of the road, bellowing and pawing in high chafe, and not above forty yards distant! Janet lost not a moment in deliberation, but sped on for the bridge of Montrose, with the bull in full pursuit. But fear for once made two feet better than four, and Janet entered the toll-gate on the bridge in time for its being closed against the enemy. But that enemy kept his post, and return to Craig or to Ferryden there was none.

What did Janet Tyrie do? a religious woman—she could not remain a whole Sunday from the kirk; but there was more than a lion in the way—she could not profit by the instruc-

tions of her parish-minister. Her resolution was soon taken: she had often served the ministers of Montrose with fish, and why should not they for once serve her with sermons? No reason appeared to the contrary, and off she went. As some time had been lost, she found, on arriving in the town, that the stream of kirkward people set but in one direction; into that stream she threw herself, and did not stop till she had sat down on the step below the altar in the English Chapel. It is the custom there to chant the versicles; the organ began to breathe,—up sprang Janet: "Goad keep me: gin there binna 'Igham's 'awkit ox comin' agen, creun—creunin!" and with that she vanished from the chapel.

VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SWISS PEASANTRY.

THERE is, perhaps, no canton of Switzerland where superstition has cast deeper roots than in that of the Grisons. Like the peasantry of Germany, they scrupulously consult the signs of the almanac before they undertake anything of importance; such as sowing, planting, reaping, cutting of trees, bleeding, cupping, vaccinating, &c. But the most important season for them to dive into futurity is Christmas Eve, and they employ an endless variety of devices to obtain this interesting result. This is especially the case with such damsels as have passed the ominous limit of their twenty-fifth birth-day, without having met with a husband, and who are now naturally anxious to ascertain whether, and in what manner, this supreme felicity is to fall to their lot during the ensuing year. For this purpose they put heaps of salt or bran in places which are inaccessible to light; they bawl up the chimney; throw their slipper backwards; draw cards; open their

psalter at random by means of a pin; pour melted lead or the white of an egg into water; pull a piece of wood from the fire; walk about the village green, or even the churchyard; and, from the peculiar appearances they observe, foretell all they wish to know. A woman must be excessively ugly to renounce the hope of being ultimately relieved from that state of single blessedness which seems so irksome to these simple people; and a quarter of a century of annual disappointment does not cool their conjugal ardor, and make them renounce these fooleries.

The surest and best omen, however, is to see their future suitor in a dream. To effect this, the expectant, without uttering a word, fetches salt, flour, and water, from three different houses, and at midnight makes from these ingredients a small cake, which she eats before going to bed. This cake being very highly salted, and the heated imagination of the person rendering the blood feverish, it is natural that she should feel thirsty the next

morning, and express a desire to drink before she goes to work. The first young man who then offers her to drink, is the person destined by heaven to marry her; and from that moment all the little tricks of rustic coquetry are set in motion to bring about the execution of the celestial decree, and often with success.

When a person hears the cuckoo sing for the first time, and asks him if he shall enjoy long life, the bird's next note being long or short, is considered as a reply to the important question.

The *ignes fatui* are, among the Grisons, less an object of terror than of pity, as they suppose them to be the souls of infants who have died without baptism. They never see one without endeavoring to soothe the pain of the supposed sufferer by the recital of a few *pater*.

INDIAN CORN.

The cultivation of maize is likely to become general in France. At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris on the 31st ult., it was proposed to give a prize of 1500 francs value to the author of the best essay on the cultivation of Indian corn in the four departments surrounding Paris, with a view to render this grain useful for the nourishment of the human species, particularly for children. Hitherto it has been grown chiefly in the south of France, as food for cattle and fowls. It is a singular fact, that fowls fed exclusively upon this food have a yellow appearance.

SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED.

This dithyrambic, we learn from the Edinburgh Review, was composed on horseback, in riding in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forbore to speak—judiciously enough—for a man composing *Bruce's Address*, might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless, this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns; but to the external ear

it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode, the best, we believe, that ever was written by any pen.

MUSIC.

The German, who makes a science of everything, treats music learnedly; the voluptuous Italian seeks from it vivid but transient enjoyment; the Frenchman, more vain than sensitive, speaks of it with effect; the Englishman pays for it, but interferes no farther.

NEW WORKS.

A work of unusual interest is announced, under the title of *Letters from Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, &c.*, by R. R. Madden, Esq. The Author, who it appears is a physician, and has been sojourning for four years in these countries, was enabled, by virtue of his profession, to ascertain the actual state of Turkish society, manners, and customs, and to furnish more accurate information than has ever appeared on the subject. During his travels in the East, he visited the sites of Troy, Memphis, Thebes, and Jerusalem, and other interesting ruins.

The Chelsea Pensioners, by the Author of "The Subaltern," will appear, in the course of the present month. To military readers, we have no doubt, it will prove particularly attractive.

A new Work, by the admired author of "Blue Stocking Hall," is preparing for publication, called *Tales of my Time*, in 3 vols. At the same time will appear a new edition of *Blue Stocking Hall*.

Gabrielle, a Tale of Swizerland, is nearly ready for publication. It is an attempt to deviate somewhat from the fashionable path of sentimental poetry, and to delineate mental aberration of the mildest kind in unison with singular and romantic scenery.

A new Novel, entitled *Jesuitism and Methodism*, will appear early in the ensuing month.

Nor that most fair, most monstrous one,
Which, whether straight or hook'd,
Like a strong tower of Lebanon
Towards Damascus look'd.

Nor has it the important air
A true turn-up implies,
As if a confidante it were
Between the lips and eyes.

To what class then does it belong ?
You marvel—there 's the rub,
But truth must out—it bears a strong
Resemblance to the snub.

The odious snub, and at its tip
Blooms a perennial rose,
Which, as in envy of the lip,
With rival carmine glows.

A thing, which ever since its birth,
The wicked wags made game at,

A never-failing butt for Mirth
Her keenest shafts to aim at.

Yet, my poor Nose, thou 'st ever been
A trusty friend to me,
And oft my grateful sense, I ween,
Shall bless thine agency.

When the soft breeze comes wooingly
Through Summer's leafy bowers,
Stealing away the sweets that be
Within his blooming flowers :

And when some simple perfume brings,
By a mysterious spell,
Thoughts of the old forgotten things
Our childhood loves so well :

For these, my Nose, thou shalt engage
Through life my fondest care ;
And may'st thou to a good old age
Thy blushing honors bear !

THE GRAVE OF THE BROKEN HEART.*

CHAPTER V.

THE Rector's departure from Sea Vale was at length fixed for the second week in September ; but when the final arrangements were made, Lady Octavia found herself condemned to accompany her uncle during his month's residence at Exeter, instead of immediately joining the gay autumn party at Falkland Court. A short time back, such a *contre-temps* would have severely tried her ladyship's philosophy, but within the last fortnight Vernon's premature return to his old colors had piqued her into a determination, *coute qui coute*, to bring him back to hers, if but for a week, before she gave him his final discharge ; and a scheme was now shaping itself in her creative imagination, which promised, not only to effect that purpose in the most satisfactory manner, but to wile away some of the horrors of her stay at Exeter—horrors infinitely greater, in her estimation, than those of rural retirement ; and she hailed as quite providential certain waking visions, which substituted the handsome curate and his flute, moonlight music and moonlight walks with him in old bay windows and echoing clois-

ters, for chimeras dire of portly canons and their dignified spouses—solemn dinners, silent whist-tables, and all the dull ceremonial of an ecclesiastical court circle.

During the last fortnight of Dr. Har-top's stay at the Rectory, the family party had been augmented by the arrival of a brother of Lady Octavia's, the Reverend Arthur Falkland, who came down to Sea Vale for the united advantages of shooting and sea-bathing, and Millicent readily accepted Vernon's apology for stealing from her a few of those hours that he would more willingly have devoted entirely to her, in order to show due attention and courtesy to his Rector's guest and nephew. No day passed, however, without his visiting the cottage—few during which he did not look in more than once or twice on his lonely mistress ; and if his visits were each time shorter, and his manner more unequal and pre-occupied, she assured herself that, circumstanced as he then was, nothing could be more natural or excusable. " And it will only be for a few days longer, Milly," said he. " Thank God ! only three days longer ; for this is

* Concluded from page 218.

Saturday, and on Monday they depart—and then, dearest, dearest, Millicent! we shall be once more all the world to each other.” Tears came into Vernon’s eyes as he uttered the last words; and after a short pause, during which he had been gazing upon Millicent with troubled yet tender earnestness, he vehemently added,—“Would to God they were already gone! would to God I had never seen them, Milly!” And his painful agitation distressed the affectionate heart of Millicent, who endeavored to soothe him with every tender and comforting assurance, best calculated to reconcile him to himself, and allay what she conceived to be the sudden storm of compunctious retrospection. That evening, whether in the fond weakness of her heart, yearning to give comfort, or that she really began to entertain hopes of prolonged life, (still dear—how dear to her if to be passed with Vernon!) for the first time since her danger had been made known to him, she spoke of the future—of an earthly future—looked at him almost believingly when he talked of their union, and did not shake her head, nor smile as she *had* smiled of late, when he talked of it as an event that was now assuredly to take place before the close of that autumn already entered upon. Once or twice, indeed, she seemed to shrink, as if from hope; but it was evident, at least it seemed evident to Vernon, that she did not turn from it as formerly; and as with him there was no medium between despair and joyful certainty, he hailed her doubtful encouragement as a pledge of perfect security, which would justify him for having acceded to a plan which he had hitherto hesitated from communicating to Millicent, though he had entered the Cottage that morning with the express purpose. Now, however, there was no reasonable cause to deter him from speaking—all was so safe—Millicent so well, and in such good spirits; so without further deliberation, he said, smilingly, but with somewhat of a hurried tone and a forced

gaiety of manner, “Milly! do you know I must have one long braid of that smooth raven hair (which is so becomingly arranged, now you have humored me by leaving off that dowdy cap), by way of talisman, to bind me to you during four—five days—it may be a whole week of separation.” Millicent started, and the hectic of a moment suffused her pale face; but she only *looked* her surprise, and Vernon went on to explain, rather confusedly, while he was profitably busied in unrolling her ball of sewing thread, that Dr. Hartop had given him such a pressing invitation to accompany him and Lady Octavia to Exeter, and be their guest during the Musical Festival, which was to take place the week ensuing, that he felt it would have been not only ungracious, but ungrateful, to decline the courteous proposal; “and so, dearest Millicent,” he continued, looking up from the handiwork on which his eyes had been fixed with intense interest during the first part of his communication, “I have promised to go,—that is, with a mental reservation that you continue well enough for me to leave you without anxiety for those few days, and that you will not feel uncomfortable at my doing so.” While Vernon was speaking, Millicent had time to recover from the painful emotion into which she had been surprised by his unexpected information, and inwardly rebuking herself for its unreasonable selfishness, she said promptly and cheerfully, “You did quite right, dear Horace. I am so well that I can spare you safely, and shall enjoy with you, in imagination, the musical treat that will be to you such a real banquet. On Monday, you said—the day after to-morrow—and to stay till—?”—“Only till the Saturday ensuing—I intend—I believe,” replied Horace to her look of anxious inquiry. “At *farthest*, the *Monday* after; and in that case, Falkland, who stays for some weeks at Sea Vale, would take my duty.”—“But you will not stay away longer—not much longer?” hesitatingly, yet

almost imploringly, rejoined Millicent, in a lower and less cheerful tone, a sudden shade slightly clouding the serenity of her mild countenance. "I am very nervous still, and may not long continue so well as I am now; and then, if any change should take place—Nay, do not look so disturbed, dear Horace—I am so well now!—but do not stay away *too long*."—"I will not go—I will not go, Milly! if it gives you one moment's pain, dear girl!—But how is this, Milly?—a minute ago, and you spoke so cheerfully and hopefully; and now—that quivering lip!—those glistening eyes!—Millicent! my beloved! what means such sudden change?"—"Forgive me, dear Horace! I am ashamed of my waywardness—of my caprice," she faltered out, concealing her face, now bathed in tears, against Vernon's shoulder—"But it is the infirmity of my enervating malady—the effect of weakness—of unstrung nerves; and sometimes an unbidden thought suddenly crosses and subdues me, and I cannot restrain these foolish tears. But they always do me good, Horace; and after the shower comes sunshine, you know," and she looked up at him as she spoke the last word, with still dewy eyes and a faintly brightening smile, that beautifully illustrated her simple metaphor. But the humid ray scarcely broke out into cloudless sunshine, though she recovered perfect serenity, and would not listen for a moment to Vernon's reiterated, but rather fainter proposition, of wholly relinquishing his intended excursion.

"Remember," said he, as they stood together in the Cottage porch, just before he left her that evening—"Remember, Milly, I am to take away with me one of those ebony locks. If it is not ready for me to-morrow, I shall cut it off myself. I wish I had your picture, Milly!"—"I wish you had, dear Horace," she quickly answered; "I have often wished it lately—I should like you to have it; but there is my father's, *that* will be yours, Horace; and it is so like me, you know, you will never look upon it

without thinking of me."—"Without thinking of you, Milly? Shall I not have *yourself*, your own dear living self, as well as that precious picture we shall so often look upon together?"—"But, dearest Horace, if it should be otherwise, if that picture *only* should become yours, place it somewhere where you may see it often when you are *alone* and in your quiet hours of serious thought. But do not look so very serious *now*—I spoke but of an '*if*,' a passing thought. To-morrow I shall send you away cheerfully."—"If you do not, Milly, here I remain, be sure. A word would keep me—only half a word. Speak it, beloved! I almost wish you would." But she spoke not, and bidding her an affectionate farewell for the night, he was turning to depart, but lingered yet a moment to point out to her a small white rosebud, which promised yet to blossom in its sheltered corner. "Look, Milly," he said, "'The last rose of summer.' Your favorite rose will yield you yet one blossom. Before it is full-blown, I will be here to pluck and place it in your bosom." Words lightly spoken sometimes sink deeply into loving hearts, especially under circumstances such as Millicent's, where physical causes acted morbidly upon a mental system, by nature sensitive, and perhaps not wholly free from a taint of superstitious weakness. From that hour the rose became her calendar, and she watched its unfolding leaves, as if their perfect expansion was to be the crisis of her fate.

By what means, or under what pretences, Lady Octavia had succeeded in obtaining for Vernon an invitation to accompany Dr. Hartop and herself to Exeter, matters little to the reader of this story. The success of her ladyship's manœuvres has been sufficiently illustrated by the preceding conversation. The day that intervened before that of his departure being Sunday, Vernon was detained from the Cottage during a great portion of it by his clerical duties. Then his assistance was required at the Rectory

in packing up certain portfolios, albums, and various nicknackeries, not to be safely entrusted even to the invaluable Jenkins, so that, although he contrived to look in two or three times upon Millicent, each visit was but for a few hurried minutes, the last briefest of all. And well for her that it was so, for though she had successfully struggled through the day to maintain a semblance of cheerful composure, and had indeed partly reasoned herself out of what she meekly accounted unreasonable disquietude; as evening drew on, the mental excitement subsided, her spirits seemed to ebb away with the departing daylight, and she felt as if they would hardly hold out "to speed the parting friend" with that cheerful farewell with which she had promised to dismiss him. Vernon also had his reasons for brief leave-taking; but his adieus, though fondly affectionate, were more than cheerful, hurried over with a voluble gaiety, and an exuberance of spirits that seemed hardly natural. "Till Saturday, dearest!" were his parting words, and before Millicent's long-restrained feelings had broken out into one choking sob, before the brimming tears had forced their way over her aching eyelids, he was out of sight and out of hearing, though the garden-gate still vibrated with the swing which had closed it behind him. And the lock of raven hair, which was to be his "talisman," which Millicent had not neglected to make ready as he had enjoined her, though with womanly coyness (womanly feeling rather) she had hesitated to give unclaimed—He was gone, and had forgotten to claim it.

The middle of the third week from the day of Vernon's farewell to Millicent, found him still at Exeter. Shall we tell how the time crept at Sea Vale in his absence? or how it had flown with him in that world of novelty to which he found himself transported? Or shall we count over, link by link, "the chain of untoward circumstances" (so he wrote of them to Millicent) which had caused him to

prolong his absence from her so long beyond the term he had pledged himself to at parting? Alas! it is but too easy to picture to one's self the feelings of the lonely invalid—the first sharp pang of disappointment—the sickness of hope deferred—the sinking of the spirit into utter hopelessness. And it would be tedious and distasteful to enumerate all the frivolous excuses alleged by Vernon for his continuance at Exeter, excuses which, for a time, however, were more indulgently admitted by the generous, unsuspicious Millicent, than satisfactory to his own heart and slumbering, though not seared, conscience. Yet he had partly succeeded in stilling, though not stunning, the inward accuser. "Millicent's first letter had been cheerfully and cheerily written. She was undoubtedly well—so well, that a few days, more or less—" But it was easier to drive away reflection altogether than, by resorting to it, to acquire perfect self-justification—so he fled from himself and his own thoughts to the siren, in whose charmed presence all but his own captivations were forgotten. Lady Octavia's attractions had not, however, achieved, unaided, the triumph over Vernon's best resolves—it might well be said over his best principles; and still their power had extended over his imagination only, leaving his heart true to its first affection, if *true* that preference may be called, which, when put to the test, will sacrifice no selfish gratification, no unworthy vanity, to the peace and welfare of its ostensible object. Everything combined with her ladyship's witchery to complete Vernon's mental intoxication. A whirl of dissipation, consequent on the provincial gathering for the Musical Festival, of which Lady Octavia condescended to be the presiding deity, no other high born or fashionable beauty being at hand to dispute her preëminence. The marked favor with which he was publicly distinguished by this goddess, the admired of all eyes—the envy of many, and the general notice and consideration it obtained for him,

and the still more dangerous influence of her seductive sweetness and varied powers of charming, in those frequent *tête-à-têtes* which she had anticipated with so much sagacious prescience "in antique bay windows and shadowy cloisters"—the perpetual excitement of music, of dancing, of novelty, where all was new to him,—everything conspired, together with Lady Octavia's arts and the weak points of Vernon's character, to complete that intoxication which was at its height about the time (the third week of his stay at Exeter), when, in pursuance of our task as a faithful chronicler, we must resume a more circumstantial detail, though still as brief as may be, of his further progress.

In the miscellaneous assemblage drawn together by the music meeting, Lady Octavia's discriminating survey had found in the male part of it no individual so qualified to do credit to her taste and patronage as the handsome, and interesting, and really elegant Vernon; and so interesting did he become, in the daily increasing intimacy of familiar intercourse; so rapidly developed under her ladyship's fostering encouragement, were his latent capabilities for "better things," as she was pleased to express herself; and to such advantage did he appear among all surrounding competitors, that had the fair Octavia been of those with whom

"Un peu d'amour, un peu de soin,
Menc souvent le cœur bien loin,"

there is no saying how far beyond its original design "*le roman d'un jour*" might have extended. But her ladyship's heart, not composed in the first instance of very sensitive atoms, had been laid to harden so effectually in the petrifying spring of fashionable education, as to have become proof to "Cupid's best arrow, with the golden head," if not shot from the vantage ground of a broad parchment field, cabalistically endorsed with the word "settlement;" and having achieved her avowed triumph, by "fooling Vernon to the top of his bent," she began to suspect the pastime had been suffi-

ciently prolonged, and that if the delirium she had worked up to a crisis were not timely checked, she might find herself publicly committed, in a way that would not only militate against her own *serious* views, but probably come to the knowledge of Dr. Hartop, and incur his severe displeasure. Lady Octavia was far too well-bred to give the cut direct to any body, and too "good-hearted" to inflict more than unavoidable mortification on a person, for whom, as she expressed herself to the confidential Jenkins, she should always retain a compassionate interest. But while she was meditating how to "whistle him *softly* down the wind," Fate stepped in to her assistance in the shape of an old acquaintance, who very unexpectedly made his appearance at Exeter with a party of friends, with whom he was on a shooting excursion. Lord George Amersham was one of those persons, who, without being very young, very handsome, very clever, at all wealthy, or in any way "*a marrying man*," had, by some necromancy, so established his supremacy in all matters of taste and ton, that his notice was distinction, and his favor fame. No wonder that suffrage so important was *brigüée* by all female aspirants for fashionable ascendancy; and Lady Octavia had been so fortunate as to obtain it on her first coming out. The appearance of such a star in the provincial hemisphere, to which she was condemned *pro tempore*, would at all times have been hailed by the lovely exile as an especial mercy, but "under existing circumstances," (to use the diplomatic phrase,) she esteemed it quite providential, as nothing now could be so easy and so natural as the transfer of her attention from Vernon to her old acquaintance.

The former was soon made sensible of the change, though at first more surprised and perplexed at it, than aware of the systematic alteration of Lady Octavia's deportment. But his obtuse perceptions were soon to be sufficiently enlightened. A subscrip-

tion ball, which was to take place on the second night of Lord George's stay at Exeter, was also to be honored by the presence and patronage of Lady Octavia Falkland and her party, including the noble sportsman and his friends—Vernon as a matter of course—Doctor Hartop as a matter of necessity—and as one of convenience, a deaf and purblind old lady, the relict of a deceased canon, who made herself useful in a twofold capacity—ostensibly as Lady Octavia's chaperon, and veritably as an unwearied sitter-out of (she could not be called a listener to) Dr. Hartop's long stories, and an established member of his select whist set. This party had dined at the Rectory, and Lord George's rank having of course entitled him to conduct Lady Octavia to the eating room, and take his seat beside her, it was equally a matter of course, (the other guests being also men of pretensions, if not of rank,) that the bottom of the table and the deaf old lady, who had been duly marshalled out by the Doctor, should fall to the lot of Vernon, whose proximity to the door, however, secured him the office of holding it open for the ladies when they should pass to the drawing-room. But just at that moment, Lady Octavia, actuated perhaps by some compunctious consciousness that her attentions had been too entirely engrossed during dinner by her neighbors at the upper end of the table, was seized by a fit of such extraordinary cordiality towards the canon's deaf relict, that she passed her fair arm with affectionate familiarity within that of the worthy old lady, and began whispering something in the lappets of her cap, which lasted till they reached the stairfoot, and the dining-room door had closed behind them. Lord George and two of the other gentlemen accompanied Dr. Hartop and the ladies to the ball-room in the Doctor and Mrs. Buzby's carriages. The third walked thither with Vernon, and when they entered the Assembly-room, Lady Octavia was already dancing with one of Lord

George's friends. When her partner, after the set was over, had conducted her to a seat, Vernon drew near, with the hope (expectation it would have been a few nights previous) of engaging her for the next quadrille. But she was still engrossed by her partner, and the others of Lord George's party,—himself having comfortably established himself on the best half of the sofa, of which she occupied a corner, entrenched behind two of the gentlemen, who were conversing with her; so that Vernon could only proffer his request, by speaking it across Lord George, so audibly, as to make him color at the sound of his own voice, with a painful consciousness of awkward embarrassment, which was not diminished by perceiving that his words were wasted "on the desert air," at least that they had only drawn on him a grave stare from Lord George, and the eyes of many surrounding loungers, though the Lady Octavia's were perversely fixed in an opposite direction, and she appeared perfectly unconscious, not only of his address, but of his vicinity. Just then a space was cleared for waltzing—the magic sounds set twenty pairs of tottums in rotatory motion, and Lord George, who "never danced," languidly, and with apparent effort, roused himself from his recumbent posture, and, to the no small amazement of Vernon's unsophisticated mind, without addressing a word to Lady Octavia, or farther ascertaining her consent, than by passing one arm round her slender waist as she arose from the sofa, whirled her off, seemingly "nothing loath," into the giddy circle. Vernon was suddenly sensible of a vehement longing to breathe the fresh air, and contemplate the beautiful moonshine. We cannot exactly pronounce how long he indulged in solitary meditation; but when he reentered the ball-room, the waltz was over—an after set of quadrilles just finished, and the dancers were crowding about the refreshment tables.

Vernon mechanically mingled with the throng, and in a few minutes

found himself very undesignedly posted behind Lady Octavia and Lord George, who was supplying her with ice and sherbet, and finishing some speech of "infinite humor," at which her ladyship was laughing as heartily as it was admissible that lips polite should laugh. "Now really, my lord! you are too severe," murmured those lovely lips between the spoonfuls of ice—"you are too hard upon my pastor fido—an excellent obliging creature, I assure you—really quite civilized, and has been infinitely useful to me in that horrid desert. No such 'Cymon' either, as you call him; and as for Iphigenia—" "The fair Octavia will not confess having charitably enacted that character—her delight is to 'do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.'—But seriously though—this pastoral pet of yours—this Mister—by the by, what a vastly appropriate name!—this Mister Verdant—" "How can you be so excessively absurd!" uttered the lady, convulsed with inward laughter at his lordship's wit—"you know his name's Vernon; I call him 'Le Beau Lindor.'"

"Le Beau Lindor" had heard quite enough; backing with such inconsiderate suddenness, as almost to upset good Mrs. Buzby, and a dignitary of the church, in his brusque retreat—he left the ball-room—cleared the stairs at a bound—and by a progress almost as rapid, gained Dr. Hartop's residence, and the sanctuary of his own chamber. What were his meditations after he had shut himself within it, securing himself by turning the key from possible intrusion, we cannot nicely determine, but may fairly infer they were not of a very philosophic nature, from certain sounds of heavy and irregular footsteps—portentous thumps and bangs, indicating the violent derangement of furniture, the opening and shutting of drawers, with no gentle and deliberate hand, and the dragging backwards and forwards of a portmanteau; which disturbance was so audible in the hall below, as to excite the wonder and

curiosity of the "liveried loungers," one of whom at last tapped at the visitor's door, with a civil request, to know if Mr. Vernon wanted anything, or had rung his bell. "Nothing," was the short and comprehensive reply, in a tone which interdicted farther intrusion; but all became quiet within the chamber, and by the time the footman had rejoined his fellows of the buttery, its solitary occupant was seated in perfect stillness—a packed portmanteau on the floor beside him—his elbows propped on the table before which he sat, and his face concealed by his two hands, upon the outspread palms of which rested his hot and throbbing temples. "Millicent! Millicent!" were the first sounds that after a spell of profound silence, struggled through his scarcely unclosed lips and half-shut teeth. But it seemed as if his own utterance of that gentle name stung him to agony; for, starting back from the table, he flung out his arm across it with so much violence, as to dash off two or three books that had been piled together, and now came to the floor with a noisy fall, which apparently aggravated Vernon's irritable mood, for he spurned the volumes with a kick that sent them sprawling in all directions, but left on the spot when they had fallen, a letter, which, in the general dispersion, escaped from its hiding place within one of their covers. That letter caught Vernon's eye, and in a moment he was fixed, still, motionless, almost unbreathing as a statue, gazing on that small white square of folded paper, as if a serpent lay coiled before him. And there was cause—full cause and weighty—for that shrinking, yet fascinated gaze. That letter was from Sea Vale—from Millicent. Five days before, it had been placed in Vernon's hand, and the seal was yet unbroken! It had been brought to his chamber door, just as he had caught up his hat and gloves, to attend Lady Octavia, who was waiting for him in the hall, on a pic-nic excursion to some picturesque spot, in the vicinity of Exeter. He

held the letter for half a minute—his hand was on the seal, and yet he felt at that moment that he would rather defer the perusal of its contents. An impatient summons came from a silvery voice below—Vernon started—gave one look to the direction—one kiss to the well-known characters, and slipped the unopened letter within the covers of a book that lay on the table, to be flown to, to be read in undisturbed quietness, the moment of his return. Five days ago that letter had been so deposited. There it had remained till the present moment, untouched, unread, unremembered! and Vernon, how had he passed that interval? What were his feelings, when suddenly before him lay that mute accuser?—"Madman that I have been!" he groaned aloud, and sinking into a chair, his tears fell fast on the unnerved fingers, that could with difficulty break open the seal, which had been too long inviolate. Millicent's letter, which enclosed another, ran thus:—

"MY DEAR HORACE,

"You desired me to open any letters which might arrive for you while you were absent. I have done so by the enclosed, which I forward to you immediately; for, as you will see, it is one that concerns you nearly—that calls you to take possession of the long-promised living. I thank God, my dear Horace, that I have lived to congratulate you on this event; and I pray God to make it blessed to you; and to bless you in your faithful service here, and in the reward of it hereafter. But this is not my only reason for pressing your return—your *immediate* return to Sea Vale, even—(was I ever before so selfishly exacting, Horace?)—even should inclination, or any cause short of necessity, detain you at Exeter. You will soon again be at liberty to return thither, or to seek the society of your *other* friends wherever they may be. There will be time enough for *them*—for all—but not for me, dear Horace. Therefore, for your own sake more than mine, come,—come

soon—come *very* soon, or (for I know the kindness of your nature) you will afterwards reproach yourself with a bitterness, the sting of which I shall not be permitted to extract, nor to soothe the only pain I shall ever have caused you, Horace. I am not so well—not nearly so well—as when you left me; I cannot leave my bed now, or sit up in it for more than half an hour at a time; and even the writing these few lines exhausts me; so you see you *must* come soon—very, very soon, if—But I need not urge it—I know you will be with me directly—almost, and that I shall have time and strength left to thank and bless you—and comfort you, dear Horace; and that we shall yet talk together—pray together—Oh, yes! and that I shall receive from your hands the pledge of our immortal hope—of our certain reunion.

M. A."

An abler, a far abler narrator than I am, might well shrink from attempting to describe Vernon's feelings as he read this letter, or their first frantic ebullition after he had perused it. For some moments all within him was anarchy and distraction. Agonies of remorse and terror, and images of death crowded upon each other in hurrying confusion, like the phantasmagoria of a frightful dream—and his ears rang with an imaginary cry, "Too late! too late!" that withered and benumbed his powers of action, while a contrary impulse impelled them to promptest exertion. The latter soon obtained the mastery, however, and another glance at the date of the letter—that date now six days old!—acted electrically on the mental chaos. In a moment its jarring elements were reduced to comparative order, concentrated in one overruling purpose. It was but an hour past midnight. Four hours rapid posting would take him to Sea Vale. In less than half an hour he was whirling on his road thither, as fast as fresh horses could tear over the ground, urged on by the relentless lash of a well-bribed driver; and in spite of various detentions at the sev-

eral stages, while tired post-boys were roused from their heavy slumbers, and galled cattle dragged from their short rest—(Oh! how interminable seemed every moment's delay!)—in spite of these and other trifling hindrances, he reached the hill-top that overlooked Sea Vale before the stars began to "pale their ineffectual fires" in the uncertain dawn of a dull, cheerless October morning. The village below was distinguishable only as a black shapeless mass, lying in the deep shadows of the surrounding hills. Only one twinkling light gleamed at its entrance, from the lamp-post of the single inn; yet Vernon strained his eyes through the darkness, on—on—towards the more distant dwellings, till he fancied he could descry the well-known gable—the tall round chimney—the two shadowing elms—among the confused and indefinite outline of trees and buildings.

It was but imagination—the rapid portraiture of memory; but his heart beat quicker at the fancied sight, and leaping from the carriage, he left it to pursue its more leisurely way towards the inn-yard, and rushing down the remainder of the declivity, sprung over a stile into a meadow-path which would take him, by a short cut through a field or two, into the green lane, the back way to the Cottage. That way was so familiar to him, that, to his eye, every object was as recognizable by that dim light—that "darkness visible"—as it would have been at noon-day; and what emotions—what recollections—pressed upon him, as he leapt the last gate into the bowery lane—as he trode once more its soft greensward, now thickly strewn with a rustling carpet of autumnal leaves—as he passed the grey spectral-looking stems of the two old thorns at the corner of the garden hedge! And as he pursued his way along that memorable path, every and each one of those inanimate uncertain shapes stood out with ghastly distinctness to his mind's eye, and he gazed on them with such intensity of vision, as if he could have read, in the aspect of

those senseless things, some intimation of the nature of that dread certainty, which, nevertheless, as the decisive moment drew near, he shrank from ascertaining. As the Cottage really became visible, and a patch of its white walls now and then discernible through the leafless fence, a cold shuddering ran through his whole frame, and he stopt abruptly, as if an unseen hand had checked his progress. All was darkness on that side the Cottage. No light from within streamed through either of the small lattices—but only Nora's sleeping room lay that way. Millicent's—the sick chamber, opened to the front. Was it still only the chamber of sickness? Alas! that miserable hope! But it was the more dreadful doubt that still delayed Vernon's onward steps—that seemed to stagnate the very current of his blood, so deadly was the weight and sickness that hung about his heart. A minute more—he had only to turn the corner of that small dwelling—to cast up one look at the well-known window, and suspense would terminate; for surely, he said within himself, a light would beam from that chamber if life were there—"if life!"—and then the unhappy man shudderingly repeated—"Six days!—six days! and she was dying!" But the agony of that remembrance nerved him to desperate resolve, and rushing forward, in another moment he stood facing the chamber window. There *was* a light within!—"then life!" was the rapid overpowering conclusion, and suddenly all strength forsook him—the young and vigorous frame felt feeble as infancy, and tears—quiet tears, rolled fast down his agitated face, as, leaning for support against one of the old elm-trees, he continued to gaze earnestly, with feelings of unutterable gratitude, on that pale star of comfort. The light was very pale and feeble, (true emblem, alas! of his most sanguine hope,) for that of the grey dawn began to contend with the waning watch light, and to give distinctness to the near external objects. A muslin blind was drawn

within the lattice ; but through its thin texture, Vernon could discern the white curtains of the bed, and at the other end of the chamber a high bracket, on which stood the night-lamp, before a large china vase which Millicent had always been wont to keep replenished with flowers or evergreens.

To what trifles (as drowning creatures cling to straws) will the miserable, the almost hopeless, cling for consolation ! Vernon's heart beat more equally—his breath came freer—at sight of that insignificant object, for the vase was filled with verdure. Were the boughs fresh or withered ? He drove away the officious suggestion, for his soul yearned for the faintest shadow of comfort. If not *her* hand, Nora's had filled the vase. The dear one herself, therefore, must still be susceptible of pleasure from objects which would cease to interest the dying. Was it yet possible ? But though Hope's passing whisper was eagerly caught at, Vernon dared not dwell upon its soothing sweetness. He dared not anticipate—he dared not think—and now he would have given worlds to exchange that terrible stillness which yet pervaded all things—that bodily inaction to which he was condemned, for the universal stir of human life, and some occasion that should call upon him for violent corporeal exertion. Anything, everything would have been welcome, which might have afforded scope for the nervous restlessness that now agitated his whole frame to expend itself, or have gained the slightest relief—the most transient diversion of thought—for the mental fever, which increased with every lingering moment of suspense. But as yet, except the expiring gleam of that pale watchlight, no sign or sound of life was seen or heard within the Cottage ; and without, so profound and deathlike was the hush of nature, that Vernon could have fancied its mighty pulses had stood still, or beat only in his own throbbing arteries.

The gloomy daybreak advanced so tardily, that none but quite near ob-

jects were yet visible, through the sea of white unwholesome vapor that now seemed melting into drizzling rain—now condensing itself into a solid wall around the Cottage, and a few yards of its small territory. The dank moisture clung like transparent glue to the bare leafless branches of the deciduous trees, and collecting into large globules at their extremities, on the heavy drooping heads of the dark evergreens, and along the Cottage eaves, dropt to the ground with sullen plashes, dismally breaking at intervals the otherwise universal silence.

Vernon still watched the casement of that little chamber, within whose walls his all of earthly interest—his hopes—his fears—his very being, hung suspended upon a dread uncertainty—a flitting life—a fluttering breath, perhaps at that very moment passing away forever. All hitherto had remained quiet in the chamber. Suddenly a figure passed slowly across, between the curtained window and the bed's foot—a tall dark figure, that could be only Nora's. It was stationary for a moment before the lamp, which, as day advanced, had condensed its pale rays into a small red globe of flame, and that dying spark was gone, when the tall form moved away from the spot where it had been, and advanced towards the window, which was partially unclosed, and a wrinkled hand and arm put forth from beneath the still drawn blind to secure the lattice. “ And the morning air so cold and damp to breathe on that dear sufferer ! Could Nora be so incautious ? ” And Vernon advanced his hand unconsciously, as if to close the casement. But he was unnoticed from thence, and the female form receded.

“ Now then,” thought Vernon, “ now, in a minute I shall know my fate,”—and passing stealthily through the little gate (for he did not wish his footsteps to be heard in the sick-chamber,) he advanced close to the house, of which the front door was still fast, and the lower shutters unopened. Awhile he stood beneath the porch, listening for the approach of some one

from within, to whom he might make cautious application for admittance ; but soon, impatient of fruitless waiting, he moved away to steal round the corner of the cottage and seek admittance at the back entrance. As he stepped guardedly from the porch, his eyes glanced on a large white rose-tree that grew beside it, and, struck with sudden recollection, he stopped to look sorrowfully on the well-known shrub. There were yet a few yellow leaves upon the straggling branches, and many ripening berries, indicating the past profuseness of its summer bloom. But from the stem on which Vernon's eyes were riveted with painful interest, the flower-sprig he looked for had been recently cut off. "The last rose of summer" had not been left to wither on its stalk, though the hand was far away that should have stuck the late blossom in Millicent's bosom. Just as Vernon turned the corner of the building, he heard the withdrawing of a bolt from the kitchen door, and as it slowly opened, he was moving forward with nervous precipitation, when the sight of a stranger startled him for a moment from his purpose, and before he had time to recover himself and accost her, the young girl, carrying a milking stool and pail, was already half way down the garden walk in her way to the field and cow-shed. A word—the slightest sound would have reached and recalled her, but Vernon shuddered, and was silent. Again—as the decisive moment drew near, he shrunk from certainty—especially from a stranger's lips. He would seek Nora—he would learn his fate from her. So, suffering the young girl to pass on out of sight, he gently pushed open the door, which she had left ajar, and stole noiselessly into the kitchen. Its comfortless disordered state sadly contrasted the beautiful neatness and arrangement, which had been wont in happier days to distinguish poor Nora's peculiar territory. The hearth was heaped with ashes of long accumulation, and the embers of a fire that had evidently burnt all night still

emitted a feeble warmth, and dull red light from the lower bars of the grate, to which they had sunk far beneath the trivet and large black kettle, from which issued no cheerful morning sound of bubbling water. Unwashed tea things, with fragments of bread, butter, and cheese, and an end of tallow candle turned down into the pool of grease which had accumulated in the deep tin candlestick, were huddled together on the sloped and soiled little round table, that it had been Nora's pride to keep bright and polished as a looking-glass. Scattered plates and cups, a waiter, with cut and squeezed lemon, and other evidences of late attendance on a sick room, were all noted by Vernon with deepest interest ; and if the survey relieved him of his worst fears, he sighed heavily at thoughts of the best he had to anticipate. A glass half filled with lemonade stood on a salver on the dresser ; he raised, and put it to his lips, (for perhaps *hers* had recently touched its brim,) and as he did so, called to mind her affecting desire to receive from his hand another cup, which now he might be so soon called on to present to her. "If it *must* be—strengthen me for the task, oh God !" was the inward ejaculation of a heart that could yet scarcely bring itself to add, "Thy will be done."

Still Nora appeared not, and reasonably concluding that, leaving the young char-woman to attend to household concerns, she had kept her station in the sick-chamber, he stole from the kitchen along the matted passage towards the staircase—but the door of the little parlor being open, he mechanically stopped at it. The shutters had been removed since he looked at the windows from without, and now the formal arrangement of the furniture—the cold, dreary, uninhabited look of the once cheerful little sitting room, struck him forcibly, with a more painful sense of change, than even the unwonted disorder of poor Nora's kitchen. As he stood on the threshold in mournful contemplation, a

shrill sound, (one of discordant loudness to his morbidly sensitive ear,) broke the deep silence. It was the awaking note of Millicent's canary bird, whose cage hung near the window—and as the little creature began to plume itself on the perch, and pour out a more sustained matin in its innocent joy, Vernon looked reproachfully at the unconscious favorite. But his attention was soon directed to other objects—(all to him how eloquent!) and at last it rested on a vacant spot on the wall opposite. He started at perceiving that Colonel Aboyne's picture, which used to hang there, had been removed, but only as it seemed to a table in the middle of the room, on which lay a framed picture together with a white paper parcel, which was placed upon its glazed surface. Vernon felt as if the whole current of his blood rushed suddenly to the heart and brain. A moment he stood gazing as if spell-bound—then, with one desperate impulse sprang forward, caught up the parcel—ascertained that the portrait beneath was indeed his friend's—his promised legacy! and tore open the paper, which was superscribed in faint and uneven characters, “For my dear Horace.” Frantically he tore it open—but one glance at its contents, and his fingers relaxed their hold—his sight became dizzy, and he reeled back for support against the wall. What baleful aspect had paralyzed him thus? That only of a withered rose, and a long lock of glossy raven hair.

In some minds—(happily constituted are those!)—how indigenous—how indestructible—how elastic is hope! After a while it faintly revived in Vernon's bosom, from the seeming annihilation that succeeded that sudden shock. But feeble indeed was the reviving struggle—an expiring effort! a last stand against despair. *Almost* the worst was known. But still a possibility remained, the thought of which perhaps helped to nerve Vernon's resolve to know *all* immediately. Without farther pause or deliberation, but still with noiseless footsteps, he

ran up a short flight of stairs that led to Millicent's sleeping room—and, with cautious tread, and held-in breath, stole to the half-open door. All within was profound stillness—and he stopped on the threshold to listen, and to send forward one fearful glance. The white curtains of the bed were close drawn on the side towards him, as he stood still half behind the door—but he fancied—surely it was *not* fancy—that there *was* a stir of life—of breath—a gentle and scarce perceptible rustling—as if some one moved. His heart beat quicker, as he advanced a step onward, and then beheld Nora seated in a high-backed chair at the farther corner of the bed's foot, towards which her face was turned, and her eyes fixed in the direction of the pillows, with that solemn and profound interest, with which we watch the slumbers of those who are “sick even unto death.” But apparently, she had only desisted for a moment from an employment, the nature of which Vernon's first glance eagerly detected. Her fingers still held the strings of one of Millicent's plain morning caps—(he *knew it well*)—the broad hems of which she had been running and crimping with accurate neatness, and across her knees and the arm of the chair, lay a long white dressing-gown. Was there not evidence of *life* in those provident preparations? He began to fear—Oh blessed fear!—that he might disturb the dear one's slumbers, should his unexpected appearance too suddenly startle her faithful nurse—whose strongly marked countenance told a fearful tale to Vernon, of all she had lately undergone. But just as he was shrinking back from the chamber, her eyes slowly returning from this mournful contemplation to her suspended task, caught sight of his receding figure—and strangely was she affected by the apparition. No word—no exclamation or sound escaped her lips;—nor did she move from her chair—nor otherwise testify her consciousness of his unexpected presence, than by drawing up her tall gaunt figure, as

she sat erect and rigid, to its utmost dimensions, and fixing on him her large dilating eyes, with a ghastly undefinableness of expression, which chilled his very heart's blood, though he had no power to withdraw his own from the unnatural fascination—and when, after a few seconds of that wordless communion, she arose slowly, and standing still and upright on the same spot, without one feature relaxing from its stony fixedness,

beckoned him forward with one hand, while with the forefinger of the other she pointed to the bed's head, he obeyed mechanically—almost unconsciously—till he felt the grasp of that cold bony hand, and following with his eyes the direction of her pointing finger, beheld—all that was still mortal of Millicent Aboyne. The immortal spirit had ascended to Him, “with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

THE PILGRIM OF COMPOSTELLA.

[A late number of the *Athenæum* contained, as our readers will recollect, a review of Southey's poem entitled “All for Love, or the Sinner well saved.” The following notice of the other poem in the same volume, by the same author, and the extracts from it, will perhaps amuse some of our readers.]

“THE Pilgrim of Compostella” is not equal to its predecessor; for Mr. Southey never succeeds well without infernal assistance. There are, however, three or four miracles which, in some measure, atone for this deficiency. The story is very simple:—The pilgrims, a father, mother, and son, on their way to the shrine of Compostella, stop at an inn. At this inn is a female, whose dispositions are thus revealed to us by Mr. Southey:

“Now, the innkeepers, they had a daughter,
Sad to say, who was such another
As Potiphar's daughter, I think, would have
been,

If she followed the ways of her mother.”

This naughty young lady, having in vain assailed the virtue of the more youthful pilgrim, denounces him to the Alcaÿde as a thief; the Alcaÿde condemns him, and he is hung; having first exacted a promise from his parents that they will proceed on their journey. They do so; and, on their return, they still find their son hanging in great comfort upon the gallows, and are consoled by his positive assurance,

“That he could not complain he was tired,
And his neck did not ache in the least.”

The parents go to the Alcaÿde, who is at dinner, and mention the circumstance. He disbelieves it, and says, he could as soon believe that the fowls upon his dish would start to life as that Pierre was still breathing. The consequences of this rash remark are detailed in the following lines:

“Four weeks they travelled painfully,
They paid their vows, and then
To La Calzada's fatal town
Did they come back again.

“The mother would not be withheld,
But go she must to see
Where her poor Pierre was left to hang
Upon the gallows tree.

“Oh tale most marvellous to hear,
Most marvellous to tell!
Eight weeks had he been hanging there,
And yet was alive and well!

“‘Mother,’ said he, ‘I am glad you're return'd,
It is time I should now be released:
Though I cannot complain that I'm tired,
And my neck does not ache in the least.

“‘The sun has not scorch'd me by day,
The moon has not chilled me by night;
And the winds have but help'd me to swing,
As if in a dream of delight.

“‘Go you to the alcaÿde,
That hasty judge unjust:
Tell him Santiago has saved me,
And take me down he must.’

“Now, you must know the alcaÿde,
Not thinking himself a great sinner,
Just then at the table had sat down,
About to begin his dinner.

“His knife was raised to carve
The dish before him then:
Two roasted fowls were laid therein;
That very morning they had been
A cock and his faithful hen.

“In came the mother wild with joy;
‘A miracle!’ she cried;

But that most hasty judge unjust
Repell'd her in his pride.

"Think not," quoth he, "to tales like this,
That I should give belief!
Santiago never would bestow
His miracles, full well I know,
On a Frenchman and a thief."

"And pointing to the fowls, o'er which
He held his ready knife,
'As easily might I believe
These birds should come to life!"

"The good Saint would not let him thus
The Mother's true tale withstand;
So up rose the fowls in the dish,
And down dropt the knife from his hand.

"The cock would have crowed if he could;
To cackle the hen had a wish;
And they both slept about in the grave
Before they got out of the dish.

"And when each would have opened its
eyes,
For the purpose of looking about them,
They saw they had no eyes to open,
And that there was no seeing without them.

All this was to them a great wonder;
They stagger'd and reel'd on the table;
And either to guess where they were,
Or what was their plight, or how they came
there,
Alas! they were wholly unable:

"Because, you must know, that that morn-
ing,
A thing which they thought very hard,
The cook had cut off their heads,
And thrown them away in the yard.

"The hen would have pranked up her fea-
thers,
But plucking had sadly deformed her;
And for want of them she would have shivered
with cold,
If the roasting she had had not warm'd her.

"And the cock felt exceedingly queer;
He thought it a very odd thing
That his head and his voice were he did not
know where,
And his gizzard tucked under his wing.

"The gizzard got into its place,
But how Santiago knows best;
And so, by the help of the Saint,
Did the liver and all the rest.

"The heads saw their way to the bodies,
In they came from the yard without check,
And each took its own proper station,
To the very great joy of the neck.

"And in flew the feathers, like snow in a
shower,
For they all became white on the way;
And the cock and the hen, in a thrice were
refledged,
And then who so happy as they!

"Cluck! cluck! cried the hen right merrily
then,
The cock his clarion blew,
Full glad was he to hear again
His own cock-a-doo-del-doo!"

The rest of the poem is occupied
with accounts of the canonisation of
the Cock and Hen, and the fame of
their posterity.

THE COLOSSUS OF THE APENNINE.

WITHOUT the quadrangular railing of Pratolino, about six miles from Florence, is an open space or parallelogram, 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, open on one side to the palace, and backed on the other sides by beech and fir-trees, the stems of which are concealed by masses of laurel, in which are niches for statues. Three-fourths of this opening are covered with grass; and at the extremity is a semi-circular basin of water, behind which rises the colossal statue of the Apennine, the wondrous achievement of Giovanni di Bologna. Thus backed by the dense foliage of the park, this Colossus can be seen only in front, and is first discovered by strangers from the windows and terraces of the palace, the point of view intended by the artist.

Mounted upon a lofty and irregular base of rock-work, which is approached by two staircases following the semi-circle of the basin, the Colossus appears, at the first glance, like a pyramidal cliff, and reminds the spectator of the gigantic conception of Stasirates, who proposed to chisel Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander the Great. A nearer inspection, however, enables the beholder to discern, in the Colossus of Pratolino, the commanding genius of a distinguished pupil and competitor of Michel Angelo Giovanni di Bologna, inspired by the study of antique lore, has here endeavored to realize the Jupiter Pluvius of Greek mythology, an appellation much more appropriate than that of the Apennine. The execution of this daring conception is full of grandeur, and the

character of the head is admirably effective. The lofty brow appears to brave the elements, and looks like the abode of eternal frost; the hair falls like icicles upon the enormous shoulders, and the immense beard descends like a mass of stalactites; the huge limbs appear to be loaded with hoarfrost, through which, however, the accurate contours and well developed muscles are easily discernible. To increase the extraordinary effect of this Colossus, jets of water were originally contrived to issue around the head like a brilliant crown; and the sparkling waters, falling upon the shoulders, rolled in streamlets over the statue, which, thus invested with their sparkling radiance, glittered in the sunbeams with a dazzling and supernatural splendor. The position of the Colossus is imposing, although evidently planned to lessen the difficulties of the construction.

Seated upon the rock, and inclining forward, the watery god supports himself with one hand upon the cliff, while with the other he presses the head of a marine monster, from which issues a considerable volume of water into the basin below; and, although this stooping position deducts considerably from his elevation, his head rises above the trees, in bold relief against the blue of heaven, and seems to touch the clouds. The surrounding foliage, like the framing of a picture, contributes to bring out the immense design; and the large basin of water, in which every object is inversely reflected, isolates the enormous figure, and makes it appear as if suspended in infinite space. It is impossible to imagine a composition more picturesque, and more perfect in its proportions. The beholder views it with unspeakable astonishment; and yet, so absolute is the symmetry, and so well does the Colossus harmonize with the surrounding scenery, that he is not entirely conscious of its immense proportions until he compares with them the persons of the gazers below, who, at some distance, appear like pigmies. When, however, he approaches the giant mass, the huge dimensions of the

trunk and limbs excite involuntary terror; for such is the magnitude, that if the figure stood erect, the elevation would reach one hundred feet. Indeed, this extraordinary object would stroke even an artist with dismay, if he could forget that this monster, whose finger is the measure of a man, was the creation of a human being.

The interior of the trunk contains several apartments; and in the head is a fine Belvedere, to which the eye-balls serve as windows. The extremities of the figure are constructed of stone, in layers. The trunk is formed of bricks, coated with a cement which has acquired the solidity of marble, but which was easily modelled into the desired proportions while in a humid state. The great difficulty in constructing this immense pile, was to give it a monumental durability, and the artist happily accomplished this object by blending the rules of architecture and statuary; and thus he succeeded in combining the solidity of the former with the beauty of the latter. He made all the parts to bear upon a centre of gravity; and so disposed the limbs as to make them supporting arches to the trunk, without however sacrificing the imposing grandeur essential to the subject. In short, the beauty of the proportions, and the wonderful art developed in the execution and finish of this immense design, render it an invaluable study to all artists who wish to undertake a statue of colossal dimensions.

Baldinucci relates, in his life of Giovanni di Bologna, that several pupils of this artist, after being employed in a manipulation so different from that which is applied to works of common dimensions, found their accuracy of eye and sleight of hand so much impaired, that when they resumed their wonted avocations the habit of working on the huge muscles of the Apennine made them spoil several statues. It is even said, that one of these pupils, who had previously displayed great ability, became mentally imbecile in consequence of his labors upon this Colossus.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

No. IX.—PROFESSOR LESLIE.

ONE of the most promising improvements in the literature of modern times is that which has taken place in the recording of time as it passes. From the ancient periods almost the only thing that has come down to us, detailed in anything like a circumstantial manner, is the success with which one part of the species harassed and destroyed another, and the instruments and means which they employed for that purpose. In spite of the wars and desolations, the over-runings, depopulations, and carryings into captivity, of which ancient story is so full, the sciences must have been studied and the arts cultivated; because, apart from the written records that have come down to us, the memorial of the conqueror is seldom found except in the ruins which he made of the labors of others.

It is true that we have some particulars of the philosophers, and one or two anecdotes of mathematicians and artists; but the former are the histories of systems rather than of men, or of the means by which they arrived at those systems—and the second have more affinity to those baseless marvels which we are accustomed to hear about the mechanics and artists of our own times, than to any analysis of the process by which grace of form is delineated, or efficiency of combination effected. There is hardly a country of which we cannot name the conqueror, either in ancient or modern times; and we come not to a ruin, without being able to name the man by whom, and the year in which it was razed. But when we pass from the progress of evil, and turn our attention to that of good,—when we turn from the spoilers of mankind, and seek to know what were the steps and proceedings of those by whom they have been civilized and benefited, we find it less than a blank. We are well informed as to who have most largely prevented the culture of the

fields, or trampled down their produce after they have been cultivated; but as to who invented the plough or the spade, the record of fact is silent, and the record of fiction bears imposture upon its front. Look into any history of inventions,—take even the labors of such interminable turners over of leaves and collaters of *codices* as Professor Beckmann; and to what conclusions do you arrive even by the most labored and level of their ways? The general conclusions are these: first, the great uncertainty as to who was the inventor or discoverer of the substance or the operation in question; and secondly, equally great uncertainty as to whether the ancient substance or operation was identical with, or totally different from the modern one of which the inquirer is laboring to find the origin. Of all that has come down to us from periods earlier than the fifteenth or even the sixteenth century, we have the result merely; but we must receive the operator with extreme caution; and of the operation itself we know nothing. Now it is not the *thing done*, but the *how to do it* that forms the permanent value of human labor; for the choicest result may be deranged and must decay; but the process by which it is produced, when accurately registered and duly remembered, is permanent as the human race. The truths of geometry hardly form an exception to this; for though we know in whose writings they are first recorded, we seldom have any collateral evidence that the recorders were the inventors; and as they are generally first mentioned in a synthetical form, and must have been arrived at by the analytical process, the presumption, amounting to more than a probability, is, that they were discovered long before the date of the record.

It is the same in all nations: those whom we call the ancients went back to the gods and the demi-gods: the

Hindoos do very much the same thing; the Fo-his and Fum-yoos of the Chinese put one in mind of the words of consolation given by one Highlander to another, when greatly affected by some tale of cruelty, distant both in space and time—"Whisht! whisht, Donald! dinna greet—its sae far awa', an' sae lang syne, may be it's no true." The cairns and circles of stones are usually attributed to the Druids; the Welsh give the devil the credit of the great dyke by which they have at some time or other been built up; the Scotch Lowlanders refer all the "out-of-date castles" to the Picts; and the Highlanders give the giants credit for all the artificial, and some of the natural, wonders of the land,—as for instance, the mountain of Craig-Ellachie, in Strathspey, which is neither a tender nor a trifling one, was hacked from the neighboring group by one blow of the scimitar of Fingal; and a mass of loose stones in Inverness-shire, which would twice load all the ships in the Thames, were carried forty miles one morning in the apron of Fingal's lady, and might have been carried forty more before sun-set if the string had not broken where they now lie. These facts show that in the absence of truths in this most important department of history, the imaginations of men will invent superstitions; and thus it is perfectly evident that while there is great value in the information itself, there is a natural appetite in mankind greedy and glad to receive it.

In this department of philosophical history, and it is more philosophical than much which gets the name, the academies and societies have been of considerable service to the world; by rendering studious life, which had previously been altogether solitary, or social only in the monastic cells, to a certain extent social among laymen. It is true that establishments of this kind are to a great extent aristocratic and exclusive; but the real value must not be despised on that account. They were not, as it were, the fruit

of the tree of knowledge, which was to diffuse and sustain intellectual strength among the people: but they were the blossoms—the petals, gay and pleasant to look upon,—they sheltered the germ in its nascent state; could not then have been dispensed with till it fecundated and had begun to swell, though they may not be essential to it when further expanded; and may, from the analogy of the vegetable world, be supposed to become useless and probably to drop off, before it comes to full maturity. Now to prepare against this casualty—to make its happening or not happening a matter of indifference, and to answer the far more important purpose of sowing genius and success, by first sowing the love of them, few means are more effective than keeping individuals, industrious for their talents, and the application of those talents, frequently before the public; not in the way of dull and tedious chronologies, but by touches of their real character, and of that of their labors. No man, now living, is better adapted for this purpose than John Leslie, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh.

Though Mr. Leslie has had more extensive opportunities of acquiring information than most other philosophical men of the day, those opportunities have in general not only been improved, but sought for and obtained by the activity of his own genius, and the ardor of his love for information. Indeed, that he went to College at all, or was put in the way of gaining renown in any one of those numerous fields in which he has subsequently gained so much, was more the result of his own genius than of any pre-determination on the part of others. He was born in the village of Largo, on the south coast of Fifeshire, where his father was a respectable farmer, and where his brother still pursues the same avocation, joined to that of timber merchant. Both the father and the brother were and are very respectable in their character and information—the brother, in particular, is a man of sterling good sense.

As most of Leslie's relations were engaged in rural affairs, it is probable that he himself was originally destined for the same occupation. As is the case with boys in many parts of the Lowlands of Scotland, he attended school during the winter months, and kept the cattle in the summer, though the near vicinity of the school enabled him to attend partially all the year round.

By this means the chain of his early studies was never broken; and probably his rural occupation during part of the summer days was in all respects of considerable advantage. To his physical constitution it unquestionably added strength, and we are inclined to think that it gave to his mind much more vigor and elasticity than if he had had nothing to attend to but scholastic exercises. The mind must be formed, and if it is to be a philosophical and by consequence an inventive one, we suspect it must in all cases form itself; and therefore, if we were to point out the ladder by which the eminence of knowledge were to be climbed, we should place time to form the mind, apart from all didactic education, and circumstances under which to form it, as among the most essential steps.

Of the necessity of this, we have demonstration in the case of Mr. Leslie; and we state, daring any contradiction, that had the boy been mewed up constantly within the four walls of a school-room, or left to gossip with other boys in his hours of play, the philosopher would not have been what he is. There is a flow and a freshness in the writings of Leslie—a familiarity with nature at all its points, and an appreciation of all its beauties, which tells more, and breathes more of the green slopes of Largo Law, the cheerful scenery around, and the glittering expanse of the Firth of Forth gliding off into the eastern sea, than of the air of any school that ever was built; and we would not, and we are sure none of the numerous readers of his writings would, exchange it for the cold pedantry of all the scholastic institutions that ever existed.

Had Leslie been deprived of his time and his temptations to exercise his own powers in studying the phenomena of nature, he might have been a linguist, a mathematician, or a student in any single department of science; but to the circumstances in which he was placed he must have been in a great measure indebted for his universality of application. The appearances of the heavens, the changes of the weather, the succession of the seasons, the features of the land, and the phenomena of the ocean, were around him from a commanding station, and they were so grouped that a youth of ardent mind could hardly avoid thinking of them, and speculating about and wishing to know their causes. Hence, when his more scholastic instruction, and his extensive acquaintance with men of information and with books put him in possession of the theories, he was instantly enabled to refer these to facts with which he was already familiar. So that Leslie ought to be considered as a man enjoying the advantage of a double education,—a knowledge of phenomena, which is wholly his own, and which he would have enjoyed whether he had been a farmer or a philosopher; and a knowledge of philosophy, usually so called, which he acquired from attending college, from reading books, from extensive intercourse with learned and eminent men, from a long and arduous course of personal observation and experiment, and from much practice in the profession of teaching.

We have mentioned that Leslie's introduction to this second species of information was accidental, and the accident is worth relating. Engaged, as has been previously mentioned, till about, we believe, his thirteenth or fourteenth year, he had made considerable progress in all the branches taught at the village school, which, as the parish is rich and populous, ranks a parish school of the first class, and generally possesses an able teacher.

But it appears that Leslie had a more extended desire of knowledge than that which the school afforded

him. The field on which he tended the cattle was for the most part hedged in, so that his attendance was more a necessity of being in the fields than an employment. There are always books in a Scotch farm-house, and additional ones can always be borrowed in a Scotch village. Young Leslie generally had his book with him, not his class-book in order to con his lessons, for that cost him little trouble, but a book which he might read for the information of the facts, or the amusement of the story, as it might happen. Among these there was a copy of Simson's Euclid, upon which Leslie commenced his career as a mathematician. Unprovided with other apparatus for the drawing of his diagrams, he began at the beginning, by having recourse to the *abacus* of the ancients,—he powdered the foot-path by the hedge-side with sand, delineated his figures thereon with his finger; and, closing his book, went over his demonstrations.

In the early part of his course, and when he was passing that serious bridge, called the "bridge of asses," because they alone are unable to cross it, the minister of the parish was on the other side of the tall hawthorn hedge, also engaged in study. The minister of Largo was kind and conversational, and in the absence of a local newspaper he performed not a few of its functions. He held forth passing well when he had got a sermon and was in the pulpit; but a new one was the labors of Hercules. So, to bring his bumps into proper action, he used to pace up and down the side of the hedge above-mentioned; and it must be allowed that if agitation was his object, the place was well chosen. The slope was very considerable, not less than five-and-twenty or thirty degrees; and as the ventral region of the minister was a little ponderous, and his legs none of the longest, when he went dodge, dodge down the hill, the different parts of his cranial organization were ground and triturated against each other, in the same way as the Dutch make marbles, and the

dust of words was produced in abundance. Then as he went up the hill, the upper part of the cranial organs (which also were none of the lightest) pressed out, in the form of sentences, the words which had been elaborated during the descent. Physically and mentally, this was rather hard labor; and the minister had often to stand and take his breath.

During one of these pauses he was startled by muttered sounds from the other side of the hedge; and listening, he could hear the words "angle," "triangle," "two sides of the one equal to two sides of the other," and A, B, C, mingled with words and sentences. St. Andrew's, where he had disciplined, flashed upon his mind: "That *must* be mathematics!" quoth the minister of Largo. He listened with more attention; and as the recollections of St. Andrew's came more vivid to his memory, he ascertained that the lesson was in very deed the fifth proposition of Euclid's first book, while his own eyes through the hedge informed him that the student was none other than John, or, as he was then called, Jock Leslie, conquering that in solitude and without instructor, which the minister himself had never been able to overcome amid all the science and stimuli of St. Andrew's.

The minister was more than delighted; and though it cut his sermon in the middle, and rendered not merely the connection but the second half doubtful, down he trudged to communicate the discovery to Leslie's father. "I have something important to communicate," said the minister of Largo. Mr. Leslie turned, and looked grave—for he was an elder of the kirk, and sometimes, though not often, they had inquiries and rebukings "anent sin;" but he spake not. The minister laid hold of his button, and with a beaminess of visage, which convinced Mr. Leslie that there was no sin in the case, uttered, at half-minute time, these words:—"Mr. Lessels, I am sure your son Jock's a genius." "What," said Mr. Leslie, rather

hastily, "has he been latten the kye eat the corn?" "Very far from it, Mr. Lessels," replied the minister, "he has a genius for mathematics, and you must just send him to St. Andrew's." The advice of the minister was complied with: Leslie went to St. Andrew's the very next autumn, was successful in his classes, prudent in his finances, and gave sufficient evidence that he would not turn back in the path to eminence on which he had entered. Not very long after the completion of his studies, he became tutor to the Wedgewoods, which gave him much knowledge of the world both at home and abroad while in that employment, and afforded him an annuity for life which, independently of any other provision, would have enabled him to pursue those experimental inquiries to which he had got an additional stimulus from the scientific owners of Etruria. Soon after this he went into philosophical retirement in his brother's house at Largo, where he performed a number of experiments, and made some of his neatest inventions. Along with his profundity he was playful; and sometimes took delight in astonishing the rustics and fishwomen with phantasmagoria, and other optical illusions, or startling them with electricity or galvanism. On account of this playfulness of disposition the elder Sibyls generally suspected that he was conversant with the black art; but the younger and better educated were incredulous on that point, and alleged that he was flesh and blood just like themselves.

Toward the close of the last century, Mr. Leslie was a candidate for the chair of natural philosophy in Glasgow, but he was unsuccessful, not from any want of qualification, but because he had been a good deal out of Scotland, and was consequently not so well known as some of the other candidates.

Want of success at Glasgow did not

in any degree damp Mr. Leslie's ardor in his philosophical studies. On the other hand, he, if possible, pursued them with more assiduity and success; and, though he was chiefly among his apparatus in his retirement, his name became celebrated in the scientific world as one of the most ingenious and original of inquirers. His experimental inquiry on heat excited much attention, both on account of the ingenuity of the experiments, and the boldness of the conclusions. On the death of Professor Robinson, in 1805, and the subsequent promotion of Playfair to the chair of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh, Leslie became a candidate for the Mathematical Professorship in that University; and, though the candidates were numerous, and several of them men of eminent talents, it was generally admitted that Leslie was entitled to the office. A violent outcry was raised against him by those who could not enter the lists with him in qualification, and yet were anxious to see it filled otherwise; but the result was a triumph to Leslie far greater than if the outcry had not been raised. When the scientific world was deprived of Playfair, in 1819, Mr. Leslie was promoted to the chair of Natural Philosophy as a matter of justice to his talents.

It is needless to enumerate either the inventions or the writings of Mr. Leslie; they are numerous, they are varied, and there is much spirit and novelty in them all. Subjects which appear at first sight the least imaginative, are by him clothed with the fascinations of fancy; and if there be occasionally apparent obscurities both in his lectures and his writings, these must be ascribed to the giant strides which he takes from one eminence to another without noticing the intermediate points, without which inferior men cannot proceed.

THE RETURN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh ! bid him reverence, in his manhood's prime,
His youth's bright morning-dream.—DON CARLOS.

"ART thou come with the heart of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind?"
—So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
As they play'd to the mountain wind :

"Hast thou been true to thine early love?"
Whispered my native streams ;

"Doth the spirit, rear'd amidst hill and grove,
Still revere its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent-halls?"
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
From the old ancestral walls :

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,
Whose place of rest is nigh ?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed ?
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain,
As I answer'd—"O ye shades !
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades !

"I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
O bright rejoicing streams !
Light after light in my soul have died
The early glorious dreams !

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd,
The prayer at my mother's knee—
Darken'd and troubled I come at last,
Thou home of my boyish glee !

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears
To soften and atone ;
And, O ye scenes of those blessed years !
They shall make me again your own."

THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

THE singing of most birds seems entirely a spontaneous effusion, produced by no exertion, or occasioning no lassitude in muscle, or relaxation of the parts of action. In certain seasons and weather, the nightingale sings all day, and most part of the night ; and we never observe that the powers of song are weaker, or that the notes become harsh or untunable, after all these hours of practice. The song thrush, in a mild moist

April, will commence his tune early in the morning, pipe unceasingly through the day, yet, at the close of eve, when he retires to rest, there is no obvious decay of his musical powers, or any sensible effort required to continue his harmony to the last. Birds of one species sing in general very like each other, with different degrees of execution. Some countries may produce finer songsters, but without great variation in the notes.

In the thrush, however, it is remarkable that there seems to be no regular notes, each individual piping a voluntary of his own. Their voices may always be distinguished amid the choristers of the copse, yet some one performer will more particularly engage attention by a peculiar modulation or tune; and should several stations of these birds be visited in the same morning, few or none probably will be found to preserve the same round of notes; whatever is uttered seeming the effusion of the moment. At times a strain will break out perfectly unlike any preceding utterance, and we may wait a long time without noticing any repetition of it. Harsh, strained, and tense, as the notes of this bird are, yet they are pleasing from their variety. The voice of the blackbird is infinitely more mellow, but has much less variety, compass, or execution; and he too commences his carols with the morning light, persevering from hour to hour without effort, or any sensible faltering of voice. The cuckoo wearies us throughout some long May morning with the unceasing monotony of its song; and, though there are others as vociferous, yet it is the only bird I know, that seems to suffer from the use of the organs of voice. Little exertion as the few notes it makes use of seem to require, yet, by the middle or end of June, it loses its utterance, becomes hoarse, and ceases from any further essay.

With respect to the singing of birds in the night, we may remark that there are many more night songsters than has been commonly imagined. The nightingale has usually engrossed all the praise; but besides it, we have observed the reed-sparrow, the wood-lark, the sky-lark, the white-throat, and the water-ousel, sing at most hours of the night. The mock-birds also, both that of our own country

(*sylvia subcaria*) and the celebrated American mimic of the grove, may be added to the number. A species of finch (*laxia enucleator*, LINN.) common in the pine forests of Hudson's bay, and sometimes seen in the North of Scotland, enlivens the summer nights with its song. It is no uncommon occurrence for the canary, the song-thrush, and other species, when kept in cages, to sing in the night, particularly when the room in which they are is well lighted; and it may be remarked, that all night-song birds are partial to the moon,—a circumstance well known in America, where the night-hunter is roused from his bed or his bottle by the mocking bird, heralding with its loud notes the rising of the moon. To this catalogue we may likewise subjoin the land-rail or corn-crake (*rallus crex*), the partridge, grouse, and guinea-fowl, which, though they cannot be said to sing, utter their peculiar cries in the night.

Many more species of birds, perhaps, than those we have enumerated, sing in the night. Captain Cook, when off the coast of New Zealand, says, "We were charmed the *whole night* with the songs of innumerable species of birds, from the woods which beautify the shores of this unfrequented island." (*Voyages*, Vol. I.) A very anomalous instance of a singing bird in the night, fell under our observation on the 6th of April, 1811. About ten o'clock at night we heard a hedge-sparrow (*accentor modularis*) go through its usual song more than a dozen times, faintly indeed, but very distinctly. The night was cold and frosty, but might it not be that the little musician was dreaming of summer and sunshine? We have the poetical authority of Dryden for making the conjecture, who says,

"The little birds in *dreams* their songs repeat."

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

FROM THE NOCTES.

North.—I LOVE suburban retirement, James, even more than the remotest rural solitude. In old age, one needs to have the neighborhood of human beings to lean upon—and in the stillness of awakening morn or hushing eve, my spirit yearns towards the hum of the city, and finds a relief from all o'ermastering thoughts, in its fellowship with the busy multitudes sailing along the many streams of life, too near to be wholly forgotten, and yet far enough off not to harass or disturb. In my most world-sick dreams, I never longed to be a hermit in his cave. Mine eyes have still loved the smoke of human dwellings, —and when my infirmities keep me from church, sitting here in this arbor, with Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, perhaps, on the table before me, how solemn, how sublime, the sound of the Sabbath-bells ! whether the towers and spires of the houses of worship are shining in the sunlight, or heard each in its own region of the consecrated city, through a softening weight of mist or clouds from the windy sea !

Shepherd.—For my ain pairt, Mr. North, though I love the lochs, and moors, and mountains, as well as do the wild swans, the whawps, and the red-deer ; yet could I, were there a necessity for't, be every bit as happy in a flat in ony tinmer tenement in the darkest lane o' Auld Reekie, as in Mont-Benger itsell, that blinks sae bonnily on its ain green knowe on the broad bosom of natur. Wherever duty ca's him, and binds him down, there may a man be happy—ay, even at the bottom o' a coal-pit, sir, that rins a mile aneath the sea, wi' waves and ships roarin' and rowin' a thousand fathom over the shaft.

North.—The Philosophy of Human Life.

Shepherd.—Better still—it's Religion. Wo for us were there not great happiness and great virtue in toons

and cities ! Let but the faculties o' the mind be occupied for sake o' the affections o' the heart, and your ee may shine as cheerfully on a smoky dead brick wa', within three yards o' your nose, as on a ledge o' livin' rock formin' an amphitheatre roun' a loch or an arm o' the sea. Wad I loe my wife and my weans the less in the Grassmarket than in the Forest ? Wad I be affected itherwise by burying ane o' them—should it so please God—in Yarrow kirkyard than in the Greyfriars ? If my sons and my daughters turn out weel in life, what matters it to me if they leeve by the silver streams or the dry Nor-loch ? Vice and misery as readily—as inevitably—hefa' mortal creturs in the sprinkled domiciles, that frae the green earth look up through amang trees to the blue heavens, as in the dungeon-like dwellings, crooded ane aboon anither, in closes where it's aye a sort o' glimmering nicht. And Death visits them a' alike wi' as sure a foot and as pitiless an ee. And whenever, and wherever, he comes, there's an end o' a' distinctions—o' a' differences o' outward and material things. Then we maun a' alike look for comfort to ae source—and that's no the skies their-sells, beautifu' though they may be, canopyin' the dewy earth wi' a curtain wrought into endless figures, a' bricht wi' the rainbow hues, or amaisht hidden by houses frae the sicht o' them that are weepin' amang the dim city-lanes—for what is't in either case but a mere congregation o' vapors ! But the mourner maun be able, wi' the eyes o' Faith, to pierce through it a', or else of his mournin' there will be no end—nay, nay, sir, the mair beautifu' may be the tent in which he tabernacles, the mair hideous the hell within his heart. The contrast atween the strife o' his ain distracted spirit, and the cawm o' the peacefu' earth, may itherwise drive him mad, or, if not, make him curse the hour when

he was born into a world in vain so beautiful.

North.—I love to hear you discourse, James,

“On man and nature, and on human life,
Musing in solitude.”

Methinks that Poetry, of late years, has dwelt too much on external nature. The worship of poets, if not idolatry, has been idolatrous—

Shepherd.—What’s the difference?

North.—Nay, ask the Bishop of Oxford.

Shepherd.—Whew!—Not so with the poetry of Burns, and other great peasants. They pored not perpetually, sir, into streams and lochs that they might see there their ain reflection. Believe me, sir, that Narcissus was nae poet.

THE ROMAN STATES.

THE first circumstance which strikes an individual as indicative of the spirit in which the affairs of a nation are conducted, is the state of its population and revenue. If he can obtain authentic information on these points, he can be at no loss to ascertain the complexion of its Government, and the comparative healthiness or viciousness of its character. The moral preponderance of a state is always analogous to the powers of its industry: weakness marches hand in hand with poverty, and wretchedness with ignorance; whilst wealth follows in the train of virtue and mental civilization. The Roman States contain a population of two millions and a half; their public debt amounts to twenty millions sterling; the revenue does not exceed eight hundred thousand pounds; they have a military force of ten thousand men, and a navy of five insignificant vessels. Now, if we suppose the twenty millions of public debt to have been borrowed at par, the papal dominions are burthened with the payment of an annuity of one million sterling; so that the sum total of their revenue is not adequate to defray the yearly interest upon the debt. In the teeth of this fact, the Holy Father contrives to pay his fleet and army, repair the roads, and maintain his own state, and his civil establishment, and his foreign missions. These cannot surely be provided for out of his “Extraordinaries,” such as, the first year’s income of benefices and bishoprics; or dispensations for marrying a niece or a cousin; or the

one hundred and twenty pounds paid on the nomination to a crosier; or the seven hundred pounds (3,000 scudi) received for a cardinal’s hat?—The deficit is probably made good by pecuniary allowances from Catholic countries, pious donations, bequest, and other resources, of which the course of events may one day strip the see of Rome *in toto*. What would then be the fate of a sovereignty, which has depended so essentially on Christian benevolence? The more enlightened, (and this city is by no means deficient in that class,) would eagerly trace the defalcation to its real source. Though at a late hour, they would become sensible of the ruinous effects resulting from lazy corporations; they would perceive the error of accustoming a whole community to a state of contemplative existence; they would call for reforms within the priory and convent; and the want of manna would drive the indolent out of their beds with the first glow of the solar ray. It would be an exhilarating sight to witness the robber involved in one common fate with his refuge, the land furrowed by the ploughshare, and the stagnant marsh disappear in the same hour with its epidemical progeny!

There can, in truth, be no great difficulty in tracing the evils which undermine the prosperity of the Roman dominions to their immediate origin. Beggary, that daughter of monkhood and idleness, has, under various disguises, found her way across the thresholds even of the

higher classes ; the "*date obolum*" has ceased to call a blush upon the cheek, since Rome has become a hanger-on upon the charity of the whole world. The "*Eternal city*" is converted into a general rendezvous of mendicants from every corner of the globe ; and in proportion as the indolent are driven out from the bosom of the laboring community, they find their way to a kind-hearted society, where sloth basks in the sunshine of privileges to which merit alone has any legitimate title.

When considered under this point of view, the states of Rome afford a very singular contrast with the condition of other European climes. I have insisted upon the moral influence and prosperity a nation derives from industry, and I will draw my proof from one of the minor sovereignties of Europe. Denmark comprises a population of 1,800,000 souls, and her revenue amounts to eight hundred and forty thousand pounds ; her

debt is twelve millions sterling less than that of Rome ; her army consists of thirty thousand men, and her fleet of eighty vessels. The public income of Denmark is, therefore, nearly double that of the Papedom, when taken in all its bearings ; its military force treble, and its maritime strength beyond all comparison greater. Whence originates a state of things, so infinitely in favor of a country which is exposed to the deprivations of an ungenial climate, and suffering yet from the ravages of a hostile invasion ! The germ of its prosperity lies in the laborious habits of a robust and pains-taking people, in the diffusion of education even over the sandy districts of Jutland, and in the absence of parasite communities. The laws and usages, the institutions and domestic habits of this northern region, do not interfere with the individual in the discharge of the duties befitting his station, or discourage him from seeking happiness in the pursuits of industry.

DISCOVERY OF THE MINES OF HAYNA.

FROM AN INCIDENT IN WASHINGTON IRVING'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

Oh, go not yet, my lord, my love, lie down by Zenia's side,
And think not, for thy white men friends to leave thy Indian bride ;
For she will steal thy light canoe across Ozuma's lake,
To where the fragrant citron groves perfume the banyan brake ;
And wouldst thou chase the nimble deer, or dark-eyed antelope,
She'll lead thee to their woody haunts, behind the mountain's slope.
And when thy hunter task is done, and spent thy spirit's force,
She'll weave for thee a plantain bower, beside a streamlet's course,
Where the sweet music of the leaves shall lull thee to repose,
Secure, in Zenia's watchful love, from harmful beast or foes ;
And when the spirit of the storm in wild tornadoes rides by,
She'll hide thee in a cave, beneath a rocky panoply.

Look, Zenia, look, the fleecy clouds move on the western gales,
And see the white men's moving home unfurls her swelling sails ;
So farewell India's spicy groves, farewell its burning clime,
And farewell Zenia ; but to love no farewell can be mine.
Not for the brightest Spanish maid shall Diez' vow be riven,
So if we meet no more on earth, I will be thine in heaven.

Oh, go not yet, my well beloved, stay but a moment more,
And Zenia's step shall lead thee on to Hayna's golden shore.
No white man's foot has ever trode the vale that slumbers there,
Or forced the gold bird from its nest, or Gato from his lair ;
But, cradled round by giant hills, lies many a golden mine,
And all the treasure they contain, shall be, my Diez, thine ;
And all my tribe will be thy friends, our warrior chief thy guard,
With Zenia's breast thy faithful shield, thy love her sweet reward.

The valley's won, the friends are true, revealed the golden tide,
And Diez, for Hispania's shore, quits not his Indian bride.

TO JULIAN.

HERE part our paths : in other days
I may have dreamed to sail like thee
In wild turmoil, for rule or praise,
The billows of a troubled sea.

Here part our paths : thou still shalt wield
That busy and o'ermastering mind,
Alike in council, court, or field,
Mighty to lead and awe its kind ;

The scorn of power, the hate of wrong,
The lip of pride, the eye of sway,—
The will of adverse fortune strong,
Which foes must fear, and friends
obey :

A heart that thrills with loftiest hope,
Whose essence is the lightning flame ;
That, bold with legioned fiends to cope,
No doom can shake, no sorrow tame :

And thou shalt dwell 'mid storm and cloud,
'Mid passion's gales that know not pause ;
And rescue from the battling crowd
A people's fate, a world's applause.

To me a different fate is given,
And I must seek the lowlier way
Which steals unmark'd from earth to
heaven,
And flies the throng's tumultuous fray ;

And I must check the spirits' swell,
And spurn the dreams of power and pride ;
Must brave ambition's master-spell,
And dash the intruding world aside ;

And bind me to the calm content
Of toils obscure and cheap desires ;
Thoughts with no earth-born passion blent ;
And hope that but to God aspires.

THE LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINT OF THE FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of *cottà pali*, *oiseau de Paradis* color. The *corsage* is disposed in plaits, diagonally placed across the bust, and fastened on the shoulders by a narrow band. The waist is confined by a broad band of the same material as the dress. The skirt set full all round, simply ornamented by a deep hem. Sleeves à *l'evêque*, set in a broad band, tight to the wrist. A lace *ruche* round the neck.

Cap à *la fiancée*. The crown, which is fastened to a *rouleau* of lilac satin, is made to set close to the head. Three *rouleaux* of lilac satin arched over the crown. Between the *rouleaux* and round the crown is placed a *blonde* trimming, interspersed with artificial flowers. The *rouleaux* meet in a bow on the sides of the head, from which long strings of lilac gauze riband extend to the waist.

Hair à *la Madonna*. Black tissue bracelets, with gold clasps ; lilac kid gloves ; black satin shoes and sandals.

DINNER DRESS.

Dress of figured *gaze Aérienne*. The *corsage* made to sit tight to the

shape, and ornamented at top by a treble row of *blonde* trimming, finished by a quilling of *tulle*. Sleeves of *crêpe-lisse*, ornamented by *jockeys* of the same material as the dress, edged by a narrow *rouleau* of satin, either yellow or purple, according to the taste of the wearer. The skirt is set on in large plaits round the waist ; the trimming formed of the same material as the dress, surmounted by a double row of *sagittatum* leaves, confined by a *rouleau* of satin the same color as the edge of the leaves. Between the long points of the broad border, bows of *gaze Aérienne* to match are interspersed. The whole terminated by a double *rouleau* of satin the same color as the borders.

Toque of white *crêpe-lisse*, round which is twined a gold band to cross at right angles. An *espray* is placed on the right side, and another to fall on the contrary side. A broad gold band is placed in the hair to meet in a point on the forehead, where it is joined by a cameo, or a plain gold clasp.

Pearl necklace with gold clasps ; gold ear-rings and bracelets ; white kid gloves ; white satin shoes.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear."

THE WHIRLWIG.

ST. JEROME beautifully remarks, that "it is not only in the creation of the heavens, of the earth, of the sun, of the sea, of elephants, camels, horses, oxen, leopards, bears, and lions, that the power of the Creator is rendered wonderful; for he appears not less mighty in the production of the smallest animals, such as ants, flies, gnats, worms, and other insects, which are much better known to us by sight than by name." This could not be more strikingly illustrated than in the economy and structure of the little water insect usually called the whirlwig, of which the Journal of a Naturalist contains the following account:—

Water, quiet, still water, affords a place of action to a very amusing little fellow (*gyrinus natator*), which about the month of April, if the weather be tolerably mild, we see gamboling upon the surface of the sheltered pool; and every schoolboy, who has angled for a minnow in the brook, is well acquainted with this merry swimmer in his shining black jacket. Retiring in the autumn, and reposing all the winter in the mud at the bottom of the pond, it awakens in the spring, rises to the surface, and commences its summer sports. They associate in small parties of ten or a dozen, near the bank, where some little projection forms a bay, or renders the water particularly tranquil; and here they will circle round each other without contention, each in his sphere, and with no apparent object, from morning until night, with great sprightliness and animation; and so lightly do they move on the fluid, as to form only some faint and transient circles on its surface. Very fond of society, we seldom see them alone, or, if parted by accident, they soon rejoin their

busy companions. One pool commonly affords space for the amusement of several parties; yet they do not unite, or contend, but perform their cheerful circlings in separate family associations. If we interfere with their merriment, they seem greatly alarmed, disperse, or dive to the bottom, where their fears shortly subside, as we soon again see our little merry friends gamboling as before. This plain, tiny, gliding water flea, seems a very unlikely creature to arrest our young attentions; but the boy with his angle has not often much to engage his notice, and the social, active parties of this nimble swimmer, presenting themselves at these periods of vacancy, become insensibly familiar to his sight, and by many of us are not observed in after life without recalling former hours, scenes of perhaps less anxious days.

Land animals see indifferently under water, and aquatic animals imperfectly in air; and an animal with an eye equally fitted for seeing in water and in air, can have, on account of the great difference of the mediums, but imperfect vision in either. The insect just alluded to, in order to obviate this difficulty, is furnished with two sets of eyes, one pair being placed on the crown of the head for seeing in water. As it swims half submerged, the latter pair must be very useful in warning the insect of approaching danger from fishes, &c., below, and from being surprised from above, their great quickness of sight being quite surprising, as they dive with the rapidity of lightning when an idle boy, or an eager entomologist, attempts to disturb their eccentric dances.

CHROMATE OF IRON

Is used in painting, dyeing, and calico-printing; and its value is

great, the proprietor of a serpentine tract in Shetland, where chromate of iron was found by Professor Jameson, cleared, in a few years, 8,000*l*.

TANNING.

A tanner named Rapedius, of Bern Castel, on the Moselle, has discovered a new species of tan proper for dressing leather. It is the plant known by the name of Bilberry or Whortleberry, (*Vaccinium Myrtillus* or *Myrtillis*,) which should be gathered in spring, because at this season it dries more readily, and is more easily ground. Three pounds and a half of this tan suffice for dressing a pound of leather, while six pounds are required from the oak to produce the same effect. By this new process, tanners can gain four months out of the time required for preparing strong leather. A commission having been appointed at Treves to examine the leather so prepared, reported that they had never seen any as good, and that every pair of shoes made therefrom lasts two months longer than what are manufactured from common leather; that the skin of the neck, which it is difficult to work, becomes strong and elastic like that of the other parts. The shrub should not be pulled up, but cut with a bill, to obtain the reproduction of the plant the following year. When cut, damp does not deteriorate it, which is not the case with oak bark, which loses ten per cent. of its value by being wetted.

MOCK SUNS.

In the centre of the heavens above us, the sun began to break through the mist, forming a clear space, which, as it grew wider by the gradual retreat of the mist and clouds, was enclosed or surrounded by a complete circle of hazy light, much brighter than the general aspect of the atmosphere, but not so brilliant as the sun itself. This circle was about half as broad as the apparent size of the sun, through which it seemed to pass, while on each side of the sun, at about the distance of a sixth of the circumfe-

rence of the ring, which likewise traversed them, were situated two mock suns, resembling the real sun in everything but brightness, and on the opposite side of the circle two other mock suns were placed, distant from each other about a third of the circuit of the band of light, forming altogether five suns, one real and four fictitious luminaries, through which a broad hoop of subdued light ran round an area of slightly hazy blue sky. The centre of this area was occupied by a small segment of a rainbow, the concave side of which was turned from the true sun, while on its convex edge, in contact with it at its most prominent part, was stretched a broad straight band of prismatic colors, similar to the rainbow in all but curvature. Across the space, within the circle of light, there was a broad stream of dusky cloud, formed of three distinct streaks, and reaching from one of the most distant mock suns to another opposite to it, in the shape of a low arch; but in a little while one extremity of this bar moved away from its original position, while the other end remained stationary, leading me to suppose that it was merely an accidental piece of cloud.

As noon approached, or rather as the clouds dispersed, the blue hazy sky extended beyond the ring of light, and while the day advanced, and the heavens grew more clear, the whole meteor gradually disappeared, the circle vanishing first, and then the imitative suns. My companions assured me they had never before witnessed a similar exhibition during voyages in these seas; but more learned Thebans describe them as phenomena frequently witnessed in high latitudes, and have assigned them the designation of parhelia. There was, during this solar panorama, a large and complete semicircle of haze, lighter in color than the surrounding fog, resting on the horizon perpendicularly, like a rainbow, but this appearance my associates informed me was familiar to their sight.—*Tales of a Voyager in the Arctic Ocean.*

TO MAKE KITCHEN VEGETABLES TENDER.

When peas, French beans, and similar productions do not boil easily, it has usually been imputed to the coolness of the season, or to the rains. This popular notion is erroneous. The difficulty of boiling them soft arises from a superabundant quantity of gypsum imbibed during their growth. To correct this, throw a small quantity of subcarbonate of soda into the pot along with the vegetables, the carbonic acid of which will seize upon the lime in the gypsum, and free the legumes from its influence.

WHOLESOMENESS OF COFFEE.

The general effect of coffee upon the nervous coat of the stomach is, unquestionably, a gentle stimulant; and as, like most substances of that class, it has, to a certain extent, a tonic power, it is not hesitated to be recommended to invalids whose powers of digestion have been debilitated by stimulants of a more powerful character, such as fermented liquors, wine, spirits, &c. The custom of taking coffee after a late dinner, and just before retirement to rest, is bad; because its stimulant property upon the nerves of the stomach exerts a power destructive to sleep—it promotes an activity to the mind, and gives a range to the imagination which prevents self-forgiveness, that sure harbinger of repose.

EXTRACTION OF POTASH FROM POTATOE TOPS.

The "Register of Arts for March" details the process, adopted in France, for extracting potash from potatoe tops, the upper part of which contain so considerable a portion, as to render the extracting it a very profitable operation. The potatoe tops are to be cut off, at four or five inches from the ground, with a very sharp knife, the moment that the flower begins to fall, that being the period of their greatest vigor. Fresh sprouts spring, which not only answer all the purposes of conducting the roots to maturity, but tend to the increase of their size, as

the sprouts require less nourishment than the old tops. From the results obtained in France, it is estimated that the quantity of land under annual cultivation with potatoes, in the United Kingdom, which exceeds 500,000 acres, might be made to yield nearly as many tons of potash; an amount nearly fifty times that of our annual importation from America!

LITHOGRAPHY.

We have seen some specimens, from Mr. Hulmandel's office, of the application of the ruling machine to the stone, with reference to architectural, ornamental, and other subjects, in which evenness and regularity of line are desirable,—the clearness and sharpness of which much transcend any lithographic production that we have heretofore met with. We understand, also, that this style of lithography is cheaply executed, and is capable of yielding a great number of good impressions.

MURIATE OF LIME.

The use of a solution of muriate of lime has been recently adopted with good success, in the South of France, in the growth of Indian corn and other farinaceous vegetables. Two patches of corn were planted in a similar soil, one of which was watered regularly with the muriate of lime, and the other treated in the ordinary mode. The vegetation of the corn to which the muriate was applied was much more rapid than that of the other, and the produce was finer in quality and one-sixth greater in quantity.

FULMINATING SILVER.

It has been ascertained that Bertholet's fulminating silver is formed of oxide of silver and ammonia.

HUMBOLDT'S JOURNEY TO SIBERIA.

Humboldt, although now past his sixtieth year, left Germany in the spring, accompanied by Professor G. Rose, for Siberia. He will probably extend his researches to the high land which separates India from the Russian empire.

VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

THE venerable Rowland Hill, in his younger days, preaching at a village Meeting House, never failed to adapt his language and similes to the capacities of his hearers. In those days "calf skin waistcoats" were considered the most fashionable wear by country beaux, and they produced a gay effect when set off with silver buttons, an extravagance that would be satirised in this flippant and superficial age. Daniel Bath, though only a chap-man and dealer, wore a calf-skin waistcoat on Sundays, and displayed it in the capacity of clerk, in an old fashioned chair under the pulpit in which the Rev. Rowland was preaching. "Talk of the Wesleyans being saved by their new fangled works," said the Minister in an audible voice, "ye might just as well tell me our friend Daniel, sitting under the pulpit, has *not a calf-skin waistcoat on.*" After the service, Daniel declared, he would rather have been in the den with the lions, than so smartly illustrated; for his modesty was never before so strongly put to the proof.

On another occasion, Rowland Hill arrived at the Meeting House rather opportunely to see his old friends Daniel and Sarah. She was just going to dine, but as soon as her minister and friend entered, her bustle to conceal her dinner was seen through by her visiter, who requested she would save herself the trouble. "No, Sir," said Sarah, "had I known of your coming, I would have got you something fit to eat." "Fit!" inquired Mr. Hill. "Why what have ye then?"—"Have, good Sir," rejoined Sarah, "Daniel is gone to market, and I've only a few *collots* for dinner."—"Nothing better," said her guest; "when the poor visit the rich, they have a right to expect something very nice, but when a poor servant of Christ calls to see Sarah Bath, he ought to starve if he cannot

make a good meal with her upon *collots.*" He rose from his chair, fetched a wooden trencher, and with salt and vinegar, declared he never relished a dinner with more grace and humility in his life.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

The idea of reforming the orthography of the French language is taken up warmly by many of the savans and literati of Paris. In the last number of the *Revue Encyclopédique* there is a very clever article on the universality of the French language; in which the author, M. Julien, although he does not go to the extreme recommended by M. Marle in his *Appel aux Français*, points out many absurdities of spelling, and of consequent bad pronunciation. As an instance of the license that is taken with words which are so written as to lead to no idea of the pronunciation that ought to be given to them, he mentions the following from Racine, as uttered at the Théâtre Français by a celebrated actor:

"Noble et *bryant* auteur d'une triste *famiye*,
Toi dont ma mere osait se vanter d'etre *fiye*."

Instead of

"Noble et brillant auteur d'une triste famille,
Toi dont ma mere osait se vanter d'etre fille."

It is probable that some reform will really take place. M. Marle estimates, that if his system of writing words as they are pronounced were to be adopted, a foreigner would learn the French language in one-sixth part of the time now devoted to it.

A TRUE PATRIOT.

In 1748, when the Austrians were in possession of Genoa, the republic were in want of money, and to raise a supply were about to levy some new taxes. M. Grillo, a citizen of wealth and consequence, on the morning when the edict was to be passed, strewed

the lobby of the council-room with pieces of rope. On being asked his meaning, he replied, "That the people having exhausted all their resources, it was but fair to furnish them with the means of leaving a world which could be no longer worth living in." "But," replied the senators, "we want money; the urgencies of the state demand it, and where else is it to be had?" "I'll tell you," said Grillo, and quitting the palace, he shortly after returned, followed by porters loaded with 500,000 livres in gold and silver. "Let every one of you," he cried, "follow my example, and the money you want will be found." The tax was no more mentioned; the nobility made a voluntary contribution, and Genoa was saved.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Dupin has calculated that the productive powers of France in 1780 were equal to the employment of 38,792,666 hands, and in 1826, to 48,814,889, showing an increase of productive power equivalent to the employment of 10,202,223 hands in forty-six years. For England he estimates the same power in 1780 at 31,281,052, and in 1826 at 60,206,311, showing an increase in the same period of time equal to 28,935,270 of new hands! Such has been the rapid strides made in the productive powers of both countries mainly by the extended use and growing perfection of machinery and the arts of industry.

POETRY HIGHLY PRIZED.

Sweden bids fair to outbid Great Britain in her pecuniary patronage of the gods of song. Tégner, the Swedish Ossian, whose epic poem, "Fris-thiof," has been honored with three translations into the German, two into the Danish, and as many into our own language, has *refused fourteen hundred pounds* for the manuscript copy of his fugitive pieces. When we consider the limited circle of readers which such a country as Sweden affords, the offer will appear scarcely less extraordinary than the refusal!

WAR.

War! what miseries are heaped together in the sound!—What an accumulation of curses is breathed in that one word. To us, happy in our insular position, we have, within existing memory, known chiefly of war by its pomp and circumstance alone; the gay parade, the glancing arms, the bright colors, the inspiring music—these are what we see of war in its outset;—glory, and praise, and badges of honor, these are what appear to us as its result. The favorite son, the beloved brother, he who, perhaps, is dearer still, returns to the home of his youth or of his heart, having sown danger and reaped renown. Thus do we look on war. But ask the inhabitant of a country *which has been the seat of war*, what is his opinion of it. He will tell you that he has seen his country ravaged, his home violated, his family —. But no! the tongue recoils from speaking the horrors and atrocities of war thus brought into the bosom of a peaceful home. All the amenities and charities of domestic life are outraged, are annihilated. All that is dearest to man; all that tends to refine, to soften him—to make him a noble and a better being—all these are trampled under foot by a brutal soldiery—all these are torn from his heart forever! He will tell you that he detests war so much that he almost despises its glories; and that he detests it because he has known its evils, and felt how poorly and miserably they are compensated by the fame which is given to the slaughterer and the destroyer, because he is such!

BEAUTY.

It is in vain to dispute about the matter; moralists may moralize, preachers may sermonize about it as much as they please; still beauty is a most delightful thing,—and a really lovely woman is a most enchanting object to gaze on. I am aware of all that can be said about roses fading, and cheeks withering, and lips growing thin and pale. No one, indeed, need be ignorant of every change

which can be wrung upon this peal of bells, for every one must have heard them in every possible, and impossible variety of combination. Give time, and complexion will decay, and lips and cheeks will shrink and grow wrinkled, sure enough. But it is needless to anticipate the work of years, or to give credit to old Time for his conquests before he has won them. The edge of his scythe does more execution than that of the sword; we need not add the work of fancy to *his*,—it is more than sufficiently sure and rapid already.

VOLTAIRE.

It has been doubted whether Voltaire valued more highly his reputation as a poet, or as a prose writer. The following reply may throw some light on the subject:—A friend seeing him engaged, would not enter for fear of interrupting his labors; “*Entrez, entrez,*” said the philosopher of Ferney, “*Je ne fais que de la vile prose.*”

THE IDLER.

There were many newspapers in the room, but there was nothing in them. There was a clock, but it did not seem to go; at least, so he thought, but after looking at it for a long time he found it did go, but it went very slowly. Then he looked at his watch, and that went as slow as the clock. Then he took up the newspapers again one after the other, very deliberately. He read the sporting intelligence and the fashionable news. But he did not read very attentively, as he afterwards discovered. Then he looked at the clock again, and was almost angry at the imperturbable monotony of its face. Then he took out his pocket-book to amuse himself by reading his memorandums, but they were very few and very unintelligible. Then he rose up from his seat, and went to the window, and looked at the people in the street; he thought they looked very stupid, and wondered what they could all find to do with themselves. He looked at the carriages, and saw none with co-

ronets, except now and then a hackney-coach. Then he began to pick his teeth, and that reminded him of eating; and then he rang the bell, which presently brought a waiter; and he took that opportunity of drawling out the word “waiter” in such a lengthened tone, as if resolved to make one word last as long as possible.

Lord Bacon says, that “Solon compared the people unto the sea, and orators and counsellors to the winds; for that the sea would be calm and quiet, if the winds did not trouble it.”

NEW WORKS.

Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, Palestine, &c., are announced, by R. R. Madden. The author is stated to be a physician, and to have been sojourning for four years in these countries.

A volume of Stories of Popular Voyages and travels, with illustrations; containing Abridged Narratives of recent travels of some of the most Popular Writers on South America, is announced for speedy publication.

In the Press.—A Series of Dissertations, preliminary to a New Harmony of the Gospels, by the Rev. E. Greswell, M. A., and Fellow of C. C. C. Oxford.

Captain Brooke, who is already known as a traveller by the works he has published on the northern parts of Europe, is about to present to the world an Account of an interesting Tour he has been making in Barbary and Spain.

The forthcoming Historical Romance, entitled *Geraldine of Desmond*, is founded on the Desmond Rebellion in the Reign of Elizabeth, and delineates the customs, manners, and the leading public characters of England at that interesting epoch.

A work under the title of *Three Years in Canada*, is announced for publication, written by Mr. Mactaggart, the engineer who was sent out by government to superintend the works at the Rideau Canal.